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GALMAHR



The Magazine of the
University of Queensland Union

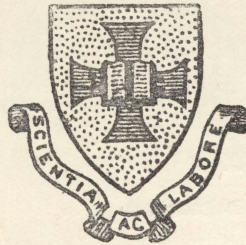


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GALMAHRA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF QUEENSLAND UNION



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GALMAHRA

Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—Hor., A.P. 334.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1930.

No. 6

The Little Cramped Minds

There are some attributes occasionally acquired by men and women during the process of their cultural development which prove irritating to an observer only when bad digestion prevents him from laughing at them. Of such attributes self-satisfaction is one, and its near kinsman intellectual snobbery another. The former is something that not infrequently afflicts a number of us on coming from school to university, and the latter can be counted as one of the unfortunate poses a few are inclined to adopt on passing from the university into a presumably vulgar world. Both would be too trivial for discussion were it not for an impression sometimes encountered that a university is their natural breeding ground, and that all university men are more or less affected by them.

It is no doubt every person's particular prerogative to hold that point of view which satisfies him most, but when such a point of view becomes little and narrow by all standards of humanity and good sense, surely there is justification in condemning it. Littleness and narrowness in a university are unpardonable. Such an institution should prove one of the best of all correctives for arrant conceit, and the very last place in which intellectual snobbery could find its origin. A university can and does draw out a man's capabilities and direct him to the heights, but it can and should make very clear to him the boundaries of those capabilities, and if a knowledge of his own limitations does not make him very tolerant of those of others, he can only be classed as a rather considerable fool.

When one speaks of an education that equips a man for life—such an education as a university is supposed to give—the deeper significance of the words is frequently lost sight of and the ever ready idea of money-making springs up. It would be impossible here to go into a

discussion of all the connotations of the word education, but there are two without which most of the others are so much superficial dressing; and it is these two, a broad-mindedness and a true human sympathy, which the student is expected to acquire or develop during the period of his university training—a broad-mindedness in all aspects of thought, and a sympathy and understanding that will enrich his whole personality, and enable him to view humanity as one warm brotherhood, as an entity and not merely as a series of so many differing sects.

If the student has failed to acquire or to develop these two attributes, sympathy and broad-mindedness, he has certainly missed some of the most valuable things his university could have given him. He has failed to acquire the fundamentals on which a university man's outlook should be based—an outlook that reaches wide and far, that strives to pierce the surface of things, embracing and surveying as they come both good and bad, broadly, tolerantly, sensibly—an outlook in which pettiness, littleness, narrowness are simply not. It would be denying this outlook for a university man to suppose that such is only possible in a university product. That is not of course the case, but it should be the case that every graduate and undergraduate should have something of that outlook which his Alma Mater endeavours to impart to him.

Because of the cramped nature of his mind therefore the intellectual snob is in a sense an intellectual failure, and he finds himself a social misfit because his sympathies do not reach beyond his own person. He cannot be regarded as a true product of his university, and the latter most certainly cannot be blamed for an oddity whose unfortunate disposition has caused him to draw back from that subtle and mellowing influence which as an institution only a university can exert.

The Ordeal of Peter Bartholomew

It is the unfortunate but seemingly inevitable fate of the text-book historian to pick dry the bones of history and present the skeleton, thus deprived of the human element, to the unhappy student. But it is exactly this human element which appeals to the general reader, who will, therefore, probably be interested in the following translation of an account, by an eye-witness, of a mediaeval ordeal by fire; an account which gives what is probably the best revelation of the spirit of the Middle Ages; written by a member of the greatest mediaeval power—the Church, and compiled during the great movement which is, par excellence, the expression of the religious and military spirit of the Middle Ages—the Crusades. As the original authorities for the Crusades are probably not matters of general knowledge, some account of the author and some explanation of the significance of his narrative may be helpful.

In the "*Historia Francorum Qui Ceperunt Jerusalem*," a chronicle of the First Crusade, compiled by the cleric, Raymond of Agiles, on the advice of, and partly in collaboration with, the knight, Pontius of Balazuc, who died in 1099 at the siege of Antioch, is found a first-hand description of the ordeal by which a Provençal priest, Peter Bartholomew, sought to prove the authenticity of the "Holy Lance," which was found at Antioch whilst the Crusaders were being besieged in that city by the Saracens.

This Raymond of Agiles started out on the Crusade as a layman, and was only consecrated priest on the way to the Holy Land. He became an immediate personal follower of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, and Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, being made chaplain to the latter; he was present at the discovery of the Holy Lance, carried the relic in the battle in which the Crusaders routed the Saracens under Kerbhoga, and read the formulary at the ordeal by which Peter Bartholomew proved the identity of the instrument of the Passion.

Much of the narrative consists, as might be expected from an uneducated and superstitious Provençal, of accounts of

visions of various members of the Crusading host; in fact, as Ernest Barker says, his book might almost be called the "Visions of Peter Bartholomew and others." Nevertheless the description of the ordeal is that of an eye-witness; we may accept his picture of the incident without agreeing with his interpretation of the result or putting any trust in his report of what others saw.

Raymond's story makes vividly clear the rough and ready trial by appeal to the "Judgment of God" in the ordeal, a direct and open appeal to the supernatural. The presence of the clergy, and the important part played by them in the ceremonies, emphasise the fact that the ordeal was nothing if not a religious ceremony. In this connection it is interesting to note that when the Fourth Lateran Council, held in 1215, prohibited the clergy from taking part in the ordeal, this in effect abolished the system; and in England, where the decree was at once accepted, the whole province of criminal law was thrown open to trial by jury. The detailed account of the formalities shows how very elaborate was the ceremony and how important was the use of certain set forms of speech.

Our chronicler embellishes his story, in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Livy, by recording strange incidents reported by others, such as the passage of the bird through the fire, and the appearance of the stranger who preceded Peter into the flames. Raymond does not lie deliberately, but his simple and impressionable nature does not necessarily prevent him from making false statements: he records what he believes to be true, though his ideas as to the sufficiency of credible witnesses may not fit in with our ideas on the subject.

The dramatic force of the whole incident, which is mentioned without any detail by other chroniclers, is evident enough from the narrative—especially in the description of the religious hysteria of the Crusading host, and their emotional reaction to the safe emergence of Peter Bartholomew from the flames. The pent-

up emotion finds outlet in the rush to seize Peter and the scramble to obtain a relic from the fire.

But this short drama of Peter's ordeal is only part of the larger drama of the rivalry between Bohemond, the Norman from Southern Italy, whose chaplain is that Arnulf mentioned in the opening paragraph of Raymond's account, and Raymond, Count of Toulouse, whose party sought to use the religious enthusiasm aroused by the finding of the Lance and the defeat of Kerbhoga to make the Provençal influence predominant.

Background of the Narrative.

In October, 1097, the Crusaders began the siege of Antioch, held by the Saracens under Yagi-sian; it was June 3rd, 1098, before treachery enabled them to effect the capture of the city and massacre the garrison. But no sooner had the Crusaders entered the city than they were besieged in their turn by Kerbhoga, the Emir of Mosul. The orgies which had signalled the entry of the Crusaders were followed by a frightful famine; horses, grass, roots, leather, and even the corpses of the Turks were eaten, and in the twenty-five days of the siege plague and famine carried off 100,000 men. Under the pressure of this terrible strain "spiritualistic" phenomena began to appear, especially in the ranks of the Provençal followers of Count Raymond. The frequent visions and dreams of Peter Bartholomew, who claimed that St. Andrew had, in a dream, revealed to him where the Lance, with which the centurion had pierced the side of the Saviour, was hidden in a church in Antioch, culminated in the supposed discovery of the Holy Lance. The excitement aroused by the finding of the relic communicated itself to, and restored the morale of the whole army, and the nervous strength which it gave enabled the Crusaders, after several days of preparation by fasting accompanied by solemn processions, to make a sortie and defeat Kerbhoga in the open, June 28th, 1098.

The Lance then became a Provençal asset, and Count Raymond, assuming a new importance, was given stronger ground in his rivalry with Bohemund, with whom he was disputing the possession of Antioch. The Normans, especially Arnulf, to avenge the attempt to deprive

Bohemund of the city, began to cast offensive doubts on the veracity of the miracle of the Holy Lance. To prove the truth of this Peter Bartholomew had to undergo trial by fire, and died some days afterwards; from the wounds received at the hands of the excited spectators, said Raymond of Agiles; from the burns received in the fire, said the detractors of Peter and the enemies of the Count of Toulouse.

The Narrative of Raymond of Agiles

'After hearing these facts and more besides, Arnulf did believe and admitted it. Further he promised the Bishop of Albara to seek pardon for his lack of faith before the whole host of the crusaders. Yet when the appointed day arrived, Arnulf, on being summoned to the Council and after beginning to say he believed unreservedly, wished to speak with his lord before seeking the pardon of the congregation. But on hearing this Peter Bartholomew, in a great rage, spoke out like a man of single heart, and one to whom the truth was well known, "This is my wish; I ask that there be built a great fire, and with the Lance of the Lord I shall go through the middle of it. If it is really the Lance of the Lord, then may I pass through unscathed; but if my words are false, then may I be burnt up in the fire. For I see that neither witnesses nor signs are believed."

'The whole plan seemed satisfactory to us, and a fast was declared as a preparation. We announced that the fire would be built on the very day on which our Lord was wounded and crucified for our salvation. And after a day came Parasceve (Good Friday).

'And so, when the appointed day came, after midday a fire was made ready. About it there gathered the leaders and the host to the number of forty thousand souls; and there were present also the priests, bare-foot and clad in sacerdotal vestments. The fire was built of faggots of dry olive branches and was fourteen feet in length, in two parallel piles with the space of but one foot between, the piles being four feet in height.

"Then, when the fire was blazing fiercely, did I, Raymond, speak to the whole congregation, "If it is true that Almighty God did speak to this man face

to face, and if St. Andrew revealed the Lance of the Lord to him while he was keeping the vigil, then may he pass through the fire unscathed. But if the truth is otherwise and if the tale is a lie, then may he be burnt up, and along with him the Lance, which he is to carry in his hands." And all, on bended knees, answered, "Amen."

'So high did the flames leap that they filled the air to thirty cubits' height; and no one could approach near to the blaze.

'Then Peter Bartholomew, clad only in his tunic, knelt before the Bishop of Albara and invoked God to witness that he had seen Him on the Cross, face to face, and that he had heard from Him and from the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Andrew, what has been written above; and that he himself had invented not one thing of what he had attributed to Sts. Andrew and Peter or to the Lord Himself; did he but lie in any respect, then might he never pass through the present blaze. He then asked God to forgive any sins of his against Himself or against his neighbours; for these he begged the prayers of those who had assembled for the spectacle—the bishop and all the other priests and the whole congregation.

'After this the bishop placed the Lance in his hands as he was kneeling; and, making the sign of the cross with the Lance in his hands, he strode manfully and unafraid into the fire; for a moment he hesitated in the middle of the blaze, and so, by the grace of God, came through.

'There are alive to this day some who there saw this portent—before Peter entered the blaze a bird flew down from above, passed through the fire, and then hurled itself into the flames. And there saw this that priest Ebrardus, whom we mentioned above, and who afterwards remained behind in Jerusalem for the service of God; also William Fitzbon, from the Arelate, testifies that he saw this very sign. There is another soldier, William Malus, who, before Peter entered the flames, saw some man, clad in sacerdotal vestments, but with his chasuble folded back over his head, enter the fire; and when he saw that this man did not emerge, thinking that he was Peter Bartholomew, William began to weep, believing that

Peter had been destroyed in the fire. But there was a great host present, and everyone could not see everything. Many other things besides were related to us, and deeds, which, for fear of provoking the readers' scorn, we have refrained from recording. Besides, three trustworthy witnesses are sufficient in any case.

'Of course, after Peter had passed through the fire, the flames were still of great heat. In spite of this, so greedily did the people gather up the brands and charcoal along with the ashes, in a short time there was nothing left of the fire to see. And through the faith of these people the Lord afterwards, by means of these relics, worked many miracles.

'Now when Peter Bartholomew came forth from the fire in such wise that neither was his tunic burnt, nor did even the very fine cloth, in which the Lance of the Lord had been wrapped, show sign of any injury, the people welcomed him as he waved to them with the Lance and shouted in a loud voice, "Deus adjuva!"; they welcomed him, I say, and pulled him across the ground; and the whole multitude of that congregation crushed him, each seeking to touch him or to get some small part of his garment; for now they thought him no ordinary man. As a result he received from them three or four lacerated wounds in the legs, his back was broken, and his body violently wrenched about. So Peter would have lost his life had not that noble and brave soldier, Raymond Pilet, gathered a band of his friends, broken through the tangled mass of that confused crowd, and released him. However, we were ourselves in such extreme danger of body and distress of mind that we cannot give further details of this incident.

'But, when Raymond Pilet had brought Peter to our dwelling and we had bound up his wounds, we began to ask him why he had made that delay in the middle of the fire; and he replied, "There met me, in the middle of the fire, Our Lord, and, seizing me by the hand, He said to me, 'Because you doubted the finding of the Lance, though St. Andrew revealed it to you, you will not go through this fire uninjured; but you will not see Hell;' and saying this He let me go. Look therefore

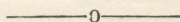
at my burn." And there was a burn on his legs, truly not very great; but his wounds were serious.

'After this we called together all those who had had doubts about the Lance of the Lord; they were to come and see Peter's face, his head, and his limbs, and to realise the truth of whatever he had said about the Lance and other matters, since for proof of them he had not feared to enter such a fire. And so many came, and seeing his face and all his body they glorified God, saying, "Well can the Lord guard us against the swords of the enemy, the Lord who has brought this man safely out of such a blaze of flames. In truth

we did not believe that an arrow could pass through the fire unharmed in the way he has done."

'Meanwhile Peter Bartholomew, worn out with disease and exhausted by the crushing and wounds, summoned the Count and the leaders and said to them, "The end of my life is approaching" After this, Peter, free from care and in peace, at the hour appointed for him by God, passed over to the Lord. He was buried on the spot where he had passed through the fire with the Lance of the Lord.'

M.F.H.



SUMMER DREAMING.

The warm slow summer days are waiting
Upon coquetting Springtime's pleasure—
Upon the whispering Lovetime's leisure—
And dreamy summer eves,
Roused from a slumber of three Season's
soothing,
Their long black tousled locks are softly
plaiting.

Now golden summer thoughts are sliding
Into the mind of one, a rover,
Into the heart of one, a lover
Of blue slow-swelling seas,
And billows foaming to a mountainous shore,
And quiet bays, where snowy skiffs go gliding.

I see the paths of boyhood's treading
Where brown limbs played with Youth's
serenity
By slate-grey rocks and leafy greenness
Of cool deep silent streams,
And soft night winds, warm with the stars'
embracing,
Darkling I feel, 'neath canvas white down-
spreading.

And tracks I see where dust lies lazing,
And hills that sleep in smoky blueness,
And sunset crows, and dead trees hueless,
And bleeding evening skies,
And breathless nights, when cattle bells are
tinkling,
And curlews wail, and Heaven's spires are
blazing.

O drowsy hours of summer dreaming,
Bring soon the long slow days to bless me,
Sea-wind or hill-wind to caress me,
And mellow summer moons,
And all that God's wide open fields can give
me,
Of land or sea, to satisfy my scheming!

BARON X.

Standards of Living

"Our standard of living is threatened!" With this cry of Australian trade-unionists fair-minded men must sympathise. For years, the world has looked upon the average Australian standard as one of two or three conspicuous achievements by this country; again and again Australians have returned from overseas proudly comparing it with what they had observed, not only in benighted Asia, or even in Continental Europe, but in Britain; during the war we were told how the health and vigour of Australian soldiers contrasted with that of their sweated Allies. Meaner grounds have been claimed as solid foundations for national pride: the loftiest skyscraper, the finest statuary are not substitutes for healthy bodies and minds. If the Australian standard of living can be saved, it should be saved: apart from national trustworthiness, no cause seems more deserving to be chosen as the ultimate goal of Australian endeavour than its maintenance and its improvement.

However, before disputing about this, let us make sure we agree upon what we mean. Let us beware lest we fall victims to American fallacies; let us learn not to imitate them, not to tolerate among us that way of turning ideals into catch words. Much of our present trouble may be due to our mistaking the shadow for the substance, and holding increased wages with shorter hours to be a safe measure of our progress towards a higher standard of living. We are not particularly addicted to precise thinking; we admire the Germans for it, and the ancient Romans: that suffices us. It is time some Australian scholar studied the origin and development of a concept which has played such a part in our short history: he might make interesting discoveries; he might find that, after all, the workers had not a very great share in its moulding. Advertisers with goods to sell may have been ready enough to confuse the standard of living with the standard of expenditure, even with a standard of wastefulness. No doubt he who earns most may buy most: but does he buy most wisely:

quantity is not quality—neither is life a mere alternation of earning and spending. The standard of living varies therefore, not only with the rate of pay, or even the price of what we buy, not even with what we choose to buy and the use we make of it, but with the way we use things which are not for sale, our leisure in general, and our very manner of working. Before disputing about wages and hours, our Arbitration Courts, still more our Parliaments, should have stopped to consider what that living wage had to buy; what hours were needed to produce it; how leisure without money compared with money without leisure for making the best of life.

It is not so easy as it seems, and possibly, this is why they did not. I do not intend to do more myself than make a few preliminary suggestions. Any hypothesis, however false, may serve as a starting point in an honest search for truth. A first task is to discriminate between artificial wants and natural needs. Economists, the producers' advisers, look quite cheered up when they can convince themselves that new wants arise as soon as old ones are satisfied. I fancy them in Hades urging Sisyphus to dance for joy as the stone he rolled up hill rolls back down again. Nevertheless advertisers have to call psychologists to their help, so as to learn how suggestions may breed want. Hence their notices in shop windows: "All women must wear our exclusive hats." "No man can dispense with our distinctive shoes." After that, employers marvel at their employees' restlessness. What consistency! Wage earners are men and women.

"Produce!" our leaders say. "Produce what?" "Never mind, produce first, then advertise, till you find gulls to bite at your bait." Why not "produce what we need?" Apparently, it is too hard to find out. Ultimately money is not what we want; it is not even the goods or service money buys: what we want is to cause certain changes and prevent certain other changes, either in our own or in one another's minds. Overlooking this causes waste. What interest you may have in

your body or any material object depends wholly upon the necessary relations that link mental and material changes. Laws of ownership, private or collective, are but ways of distributing the control of those changes. Who enjoys a painting, he who remembers owning it, or he who remembers seeing it?

It may read paradoxically, yet it seems undeniable that a man's standard of living depends more upon what he looks at or listens to, than upon what he sells and buys. It depends even more upon the memories such sights and sounds bring back to his mind; upon what his imagination makes of these memories, upon the accuracy with which his reason discriminates between fancy and reality; and thus enables him to soften any jar between his feelings and will, and the rest of the universe.

What is producing, if producing is to be more than gaining through money command over men's will, and making oneself liable to pay income tax? Nothing else than altering the relative positions of material particles, so that, through them, certain changes may be caused or prevented: our thirst quenched by H_2O as could not be done by oxygen or hydrogen; mosquitoes kept at bay by mosquito nets; and so on. He who owns a mosquito net is by so much wealthier than he who does not; but who enjoys the higher standard of living, the one who needs its protection or the one who does not? Economists urge us to exploit our resources. To control our surroundings is a sounder plan: to regulate that exchange between them and our body, upon which our life rests, which indeed is life itself; to make sure of our food supply; to remove causes of harm or pain, multiply causes of pleasant changes; hold back waters in flood time and release them in time of drought, temper heat to warmth and cold to coolness.

To define the standard of living which might be the goal of Australian policy, a

sum of money is not what we have to agree upon: it is, what sorts and quantities of materials, what help from one another, should be placed within the reach of every Australian: this includes food first, and a supply of natural energy such as fuel or electricity; provision for clothing and housing; the control of animal and vegetable life, of running waters and other natural forces. Most of all, it involves a proper distribution of specialised training, so that skilled help, particularly skilled advice, may be available when and where it is wanted; also, so that Australians need not be driven by cut-throat unemployment to cut-throat competition or quack devices to produce artificial wants. It would be progress indeed should solicitors be so skilful that barristers were no longer wanted; if hygienists prevented diseases instead of physicians curing them; if teachers were so efficient that every child should learn to realise all his opportunities, and never lack because he would never waste either labour or leisure.

There is, to this, a great obstacle, almost insuperable: not human nature, but our debts. Pay them we must, for honour's sake. Unless our creditors tell us what else they need, we must pay them in money. To get money we must sell, and to sell we must produce, produce for the sake of producing, irrespective of what we produce. If they cannot make up their minds that they want anything in particular, we must make up their minds for them; we must coax them into wanting what we produce. Since we produce wool, they must want wool. If we produce wheat, they must want wheat. Wool and wheat they must want, not from anyone, but from us: not even from their own soil: we must cut down our wages to undersell their wheat growers; if we do not, we must make up for it by paying more and more for the sugar we grow, so that we may sell it to them for less and less. Where does this lead? What are we to do?

CHARLES SCHINDLER.



A Few Stones

This is an age of indiscriminating panegyric. Not, you will understand, in the realm of politics, but in the realm of letters. We are badly in need of a little brutality from someone like Jeffrey, Gifford, or Boileau, someone who will say, "This will never do," or preferably, the compositor's equivalent of "Rot!" Most writers (or most writers' publishers) seem to be able to secure the praise of one or another critic of repute in one or another journal of repute. One might surely expect something adult and positive in the way of criticism from, for example, the "Times Literary Supplement"—until one has read the "Times Literary Supplement." Twice a year we are presented with the greatest prose stylist in modern English. The late W. H. Hudson was one of these discoveries. A writer to enjoy, if you come to him without extravagant expectations; but when, after grave pronouncement from the critics, you find that the man writes ungrammatically you begin to get nasty. I do not mean the little carelessness of the master writer, I mean the vulgar errors. After all, in this stage of civilisation you cannot be a gentleman if you put your knife in your mouth; and no one who has lived after Addison, Newman, and Stevenson can be a prose stylist if he leaves unattached present participles feebly waving in the air—as Hudson does, you can take my word for it.

Conrad was another greatest English stylist. Dr. Johnson said (and I wish he were writing to-day), "A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs; it is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." So the critical gentlemen, surprised to find a Pole writing great novels in English, proceeded, with a confusion of mind inexcusable in a critic who knows his job, to give him credit for every other literary excellence. Were there not Scott, Balzac, and Dumas to show them that great fiction may be written in a second-rate prose?

The trouble is that contemporary criticism lacks courage. It will praise anything, but it is afraid to condemn. Confronted with something which traver-

ses all the canons of art and all the rules of decency, it is uncomfortably suspicious of concealed genius, and after a few moments of bewilderment and irritation decides on safety first, and praises, praises in good round terms with an emphasis designed to conceal its lack of sincerity. This shameful pusillanimity is particularly noticeable in the English reviews of books written by Continental and American writers. Here the attitude is no doubt a complex attitude. Combined with the aforesaid suspicion that everything unconventional is above the conventions, there is the conviction that anything written by a foreigner, beautifully free from insularity and uninfluenced by the unfortunate and hypothetical English middle-class, is ten chances to one a work of genius. Theodore Dreiser. All Quiet on the Western Front. Prodigious!

We badly need Jeffrey, Gifford, Johnson, and Boileau, but, failing them and descendants worthy of them, let us ordinary, bourgeois, middle-class fellows refuse to be instructed by reviewers' puffs. Let us be vulgar. Let us be the enraged populace. Let us, in the name of democracy and our sacred rights, throw something. I have here a pocketful of stones.

I think I can hit Mr. Arnold Bennett. (Of course he will be unaware of it; but the exercise will do me good.) The most disagreeable feature of a not very agreeable personality is Arnold Bennett's constant struggle to escape from the influence of his early environment. I know nothing whatever of his personal history. But after reading most of his books, I am quite satisfied that his childhood was spent in a strict Nonconformist home, from which he broke away, but the hand of which he has not yet succeeded, in spite of very creditable struggles, in completely detaching from his coat-tails. He has done his best. He dropped that highly compromising second name: was it Wesley or Emanuel? In the days when Mrs. Elinor Glyn was considered shocking he praised Mrs. Elinor Glyn. I do not remember whether he called her the greatest woman novelist who had ever written in English. And he wrote a book all about a prostitute. Surely by this time

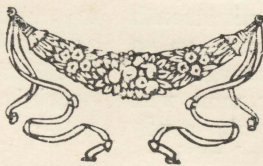
—but no, now and then he still has to struggle a little against the last couple of clutching fingers of that dreadful British Nonconformist. And the spectacle of his struggles is unedifying.

I wonder if G. B. Shaw is as sick of G. B. Shaw as the rest of the world is. How long has the poor man been doing his song and dance? Twenty years? Thirty years? Long enough, anyhow, for a person of any mental delicacy to be revolted by the job. It would be exciting to be Shaw or H. L. Mencken, the Yankee bludgeoner, for two or three years, but after that most of us would passionately desire to stop putting out our tongues and calling fool and liar, and look enviously at the conventional good manners, the dull decency, the unspectacular good breeding of ordinary people. Even Charlie Chaplin (whom, no doubt, we deserve) began to wonder, a year or two

since, whether throwing pies about was really the highest form of humour, or the most appropriate medium for the delicate spirituality (my acknowledgments to Mr. Thomas Burke) of his nature. So perhaps G. B. Shaw is to be pitied, as a man condemned for ever to go through the motions which he has made us accustomed to expect from him. For there is some reason to believe that if you took the bad manners out of Shavianism the whole business would collapse.

Take a glass of clearest coldest water from a little stream that tinkles delightfully over the pebbles. Add six dessert-spoonfuls of sugar, and stir till dissolved. Then sip slowly with a tremulous mouth and a slight moistness of eye. It is a man called Barrie.

A. S. FIELDING.



SIC TRANSIT.

A horseman came to the drinking well
When the sun set over the sand,
He prayed that Allah would watch that night,
And slept, while the flickering embers light
Touched the drawn blade in his hand.

A jackal whined to the sullen moon,
No echoes awoke, but a hollow tune
Played by the wind in a broken wall
Muffled the sound of a stealthy fall.

Pad, pad over the desert sand the camel
riders go,
And shadows are lost in the sand dunes, as
a wraith of summer snow,
But a dead man lay by the broken wall
While the moon hid her face in a cloudy sea,
Revenge passed by on the desert road,
And the wind sang a small song plaintively.

OG. G.

Speech, Chaucer, and Shakespeare

A REPLY

It is a regrettable fact that specialisation in any particular art or science sometimes has a tendency to restrict intellectual outlook to the extent of inspiring a conscious or unconscious antagonism to other branches of knowledge. This arises from the fact that the specialist has no time to acquire more than a superficial acquaintance with subjects other than those to which he devotes himself. It is therefore obvious that, while he may give a weighty pronouncement on matters within his own competence, he is on dangerous ground when attempting to judge the work of other specialists in other branches of knowledge.

Antagonism of this kind has been noted in the past, and still exists here and there, between those who have used language merely as a means of becoming acquainted with literature, and those who have studied it for its own sake, between the student of literature and the philologist. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century philology has been put on a scientific basis, and has undergone a remarkable development. The men who have devoted themselves to this study have not been pedants infatuated with an odd whim, who have been content to spend their lives in wild conjecture and profitless hazard, but men of great ability, broad outlook, wide reading, and sound scholarship. They have devoted the whole labour of their lives to the study of the subject, and have had at their disposal the fullest possible material. Their conclusions cannot be set aside by one magnificent gesture of patronising antagonism without the production of sound arguments based on a first-hand, specialised study of philology as sound and as extensive as theirs.

Have such arguments been produced? It has been stated, as a proof that the fullest possible music may be obtained from the blank verse of Shakespeare by reading it in modern pronunciation, that there are Shakespearean echoes in Keats, and "Shakespearean cadences" and "metrical obligations to Shakespeare" in the poetry of Shelley and Tennyson. The question of the debt of one poet to another

is always a matter about which it is dangerous to make statements without very definite supporting evidence; and it is especially dangerous to use it as a basis of argument. What should be noted concerning this argument is the failure to observe that there are two factors which go to produce the music of poetry: the quality or nature of the word sounds, and the disposition and manipulation of the words in metre. These two factors work together, but are nevertheless distinguishable. To speak about the quality of the sounds, to discuss Keats's ability to "pronounce" 16th century English, and to support the discussion by referring to "Shakespearean cadences" and "metrical obligations to Shakespeare," is surely a confusion of ideas. Anybody, by reading Shakespeare in modern pronunciation, may get the fullest possible pleasure from the excellence of the rhythm and from the felicity of expression, if he be prepared to admit certain differences in the accentuation of certain words, but it is a different matter when it comes to obtaining the full sound value of the verse.

The resemblance of those passages in Keats to certain passages in Shakespeare lies in similarity of imaginative idea and of rhythm, or occasionally in the borrowing of an epithet or phrase. It is manifestly absurd to use an argument based on resemblances in rhythm and in idea in a discussion which concerns sound value alone.

The second argument which has been brought forward raises the question of standard speech and of variations in the spoken language. This is a much debated question, and the idea of a standard has been criticised frequently through a misunderstanding of the term. The best explanation of standard English has been given by Walter Ripman: "It is that form of carefully spoken English which will appear to the majority of educated people as entirely free from unusual features. This speech will be acceptable not only in the South of England, but in most parts of the English-speaking world; there is reason to believe that it is spreading; and

nowhere will it be unintelligible or even objectionable, as is clear from the usage of the stage, where we expect to hear this very kind of English." Standard speech does not signify something mathematically fixed, but it admits of many subtle shades of variation within fairly wide limits. There are, however, limits which exclude various types of vulgar and dialectal speech, and which most certainly exclude the two examples quoted by Galsworthy. The variation amongst educated people is not at all as extensive as these two extreme examples might indicate. What it is important to note is that there are certain characteristics common to the various types of standard speech and to some which do not exactly conform to it, which definitely make the language English, and modern English.

Now already in the 15th century we find that a standard was beginning to be set up, for Caxton definitely states that he is printing the language spoken in London. We have evidence that, by Shakespeare's time, this standard was established. Puttenham recommends, as the proper speech for the writer, that which is spoken in London. He also states that there was a difference between the speech of the upper and lower classes of the city. A further influence in the establishment of a standard was the rise of the drama and its immense popularity. The actors of the Elizabethan stage received no mean training, and were usually under the patronage of some nobleman. Shakespeare, it is true, was born in Warwickshire, but he came to London as a young man, and became closely connected with the stage. It is humanly certain that he would acquire, both consciously and unconsciously, the manner of speaking of those around him, especially as he was an actor himself.

The reconstitution of Shakespearean pronunciation is not a matter of wild guess-work; there has survived from Elizabethan times a large body of the work of 16th century grammarians on the subject of pronunciation and grammar. It is inaccessible to the general reader because it is, for the most part, written in Latin and poorly set out. From this and other evidence it has been possible to reconstitute the general characteristics of

Elizabethan pronunciation. Nobody doubts that there were all kinds of minor variations, but these cannot destroy the general characteristics which make the language used by Shakespeare 16th century English, any more than the variations in our own speech to-day make it unrecognisable as modern English.

In Chaucer's time there was no standard pronunciation in the sense that there is to-day. The country was, linguistically speaking, divided into several dialects, each with its general characteristics. Within these there were a number of sub-dialects, each slightly differentiated from the other, yet possessing in common those general characteristics of the principal dialect. Chaucer uses the London dialect, as it existed in the second half of the fourteenth century. This we may prove merely by examining the grammatical forms and the vocabulary which he uses, and by comparing them with other documents, such as wills, charters, and parliamentary records of the same period. Now any layman who merely throws a glance on one or two parallel passages in the six MSS. will doubtless question the possibility of re-establishing a sufficiently close approximation to what Chaucer wrote, and of reconstructing those general characteristics of his pronunciation which make his language Chaucerian English. To do this it is necessary to have a complete knowledge of mediaeval spelling based on the study of all available MSS., of mediaeval dialects, of phonetics, and of everything that relates to language. Even the lay reader may perceive, by reading the different versions of any passage of Chaucer, that the variations are not a matter of caprice in very many cases, and that there is a system in what at first appears to be chaos. For one thing, the number of different readings which are of real significance in the matter of pronunciation is not so great as a superficial examination might seem to show. In many cases it is a question merely of a variant form of a word, of a different grammatical form, or of the substitution of one word for another. There are also a number of variations which are nothing more than orthographical errors, and from which no valid conclusions can be drawn. We must

not forget that the scribes of the Middle Ages were just as liable to orthographical errors as the printers of to-day. All these factors, and many more, have been taken into account by men who are competent to deal with the subject, and whose conclusions are based on careful study and not on guesswork.

There is no space for a discussion of the advantages which may be obtained from a knowledge and use of Chaucerian pronunciation. There is certainly an initial

difficulty in acquiring it, which varies according to the amount of linguistic training which has been received, and it would be incorrect to say that the untrained could readily acquire and understand the advantages of reading Chaucer in a pronunciation which approximates with sufficient closeness to his own. It is the privilege of the scholar who has received some measure of training, to be able to do so, and to acquire thus a deeper understanding and appreciation of the poet.

—o—

Philosophy's Place

Nothing is so absurd and irrational in a home of learning (the object of which is to base knowledge on sure foundations) as that polite scepticism and indifference to fundamental realities, which is prevalent in many of the modern universities. Such a state of affairs is the negation of all knowledge. The purpose of a university is not to produce witty, bright young people to scintillate in the salons of ladies of fashion. It is expected of us that we should achieve things in the material universe with our science, and in things of the spirit reach fuller conceptions of religion, morality, and art.

In the schools of the philosophers a remedy can be found for every ill of thought. There are two alternatives—blissful ignorance or a ceaseless, thought activity. The intellectual position of bright and charming young people, poised between these alternatives, is impossible.

About 150 years ago philosophy was in a sorry plight. Employing methods applicable only to the universe of phenomena, the philosophers had sought to prove by the use of reason, the reality of God, freedom, and other great spiritual truths. Like spiders, they spun out their webs to a marvellous fineness; their position, also, had the strength of a spider's web. The opponents of this school found little difficulty in destroying their arguments, and in advancing views of their own which would have put a speedy end to science had they been accepted and

applied. This school of thought culminated in the scepticism of Hume, in whose system there was no place for the conception of cause and effect as a necessary relation—a conception which is the basis of the wonderful modern science.

Immanuel Kant, a quiet, brown, little man to look upon, precise and regular enough in habit to set the time for the neighbourhood, was the revolutionary in thought who restored philosophy from the state into which it had fallen. There was the amazing success of science to set him thinking, and he decided an attempt should be made to see if philosophy could "strike into the sure path of a science." To achieve his end he saw the necessity for a criticism of the powers of reason: the misuse of reason had caused the downfall of his predecessors.

His criticism is one of the greatest achievements of thought. It is the starting point of all satisfactory solutions of some of the greatest antitheses of life, that of spirit and matter, freedom and determinism. In his analysis of knowledge Kant finds two factors—those contributed by the mind, e.g., the power to perceive things presented in time and space to the senses; and the external world which is presented. We, who receive impressions of the world, must be of a different order to things that are known. Considered as thinking beings, we are not members of the series of phenomena which constitute the material universe. These conclusions, not wholly

Kant's, but springing from him, put us on the way towards a solution that will not lead to indifference and scepticism.

Here is the burden of the accusation. The ideals and beauties of the poets are accepted together with the conclusions of the man of science, and no attempt at a reconciliation is made. The result is a limited scepticism, idealistic or scientific. The poet and man of science scoff at each other, generally in secret, because they are too indifferent to fight. Surely the best life is complete on every side, comprehensive. Philosophy offers a solution of the apparent conflict—in the main, the work of her henchman Kant.

In his criticism of reason, Kant concludes that knowledge of God, freedom, and immortality, the postulates of religion and the basis of the values by which we estimate the worth of morality and art, cannot be rationally known. Reason can know only phenomena, which are things presented to senses in accordance with the conditions of space and time, and to reason in conformity with the categories of understanding—principles which classify knowledge and bring it into relation with that unity of self which is the ground of the possibility of knowledge. Nothing could be further from his meaning than the limitation of reality to phenomena only; God, freedom, and immortality are also real.

Here we have a solution of an apparent conflict centuries old. Men have sided with priest or poet, or with man of science or man of affairs. Now it is evident that science, within its own sphere, which is as ample as the universe, can reign supreme; the life of religious grace, of beauty and of moral worth has a reality of its own. When the true relation becomes evident, the appearance of conflict vanishes. With this achievement of the critical philosophy before him, no

honest, sincere thinker can ask where is the sense impression of God or freedom; it is seen that these realities are not phenomenal or perceptible by sense.

The conflict of matter with spirit still rages. We see a crude solution in spiritualism, which makes spirit perceptible to people of special capacities—in effect making for a subtle materialism. Here the critical philosophy has destructive work to do. Profound and noble thinkers still ignore the material universe or try to explain away spiritual facts and to construct a material view of reality. Both positions are hopeless and can never lead to a complete life of spirit and body. The position of the "cultured" young sceptic, now in one camp, now in another, mostly according to fashion, is laughable, or perhaps pitiable. In the theological conception of a sacrament, a material vehicle of spiritual grace, there is a religious solution of the relation of matter and spirit which the critical philosophy does support—the conception of the revelation of the spiritual in material things. The fundamental, eternal rock of the Christian religion is the embodiment of God as man, a view of God also in full accord with this philosophy.

The object of knowledge is to permit a fuller, more comprehensive life to be lived; to enable the mind to grasp more of the universe as an intelligible system—an advance which will never be made until these apparent antitheses of spirit and matter, science and religion, of ideal and fact, be seen in their true light, as not contradictory, but each true and real. Hard thought, not carelessness and indifference, is needed. It is painful to see, in a University, gossip and light literature preferred to the broodings of a profound intelligence. The remedy will be found when the schools of philosophy teem with earnest, sincere men and women.

G.H.B.E.



George Bernard Shaw

Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin 74 years ago. He was no infant prodigy, indeed, he tells us that he learned nothing at school except lying, dishonorable submission to tyranny, dirty stories, a blasphemous habit of treating love and maternity as obscene jests, hopelessness, evasion, derision, cowardice, and all the blackguard's shifts by which the coward intimidates other cowards. His mother was a music teacher, and the son inherited her musical gifts. He was one of the early champions of Wagner, and has written a book, "The Perfect Wagnerite." It is quite a good book, in its way, but it deals more with Wagner's ideas, as Shaw conceives them, than with Wagner's music. His first appearance in print was in a letter to "Public Opinion." In it he declared that he had become an atheist through hearing Moody and Sankey in Dublin. For some time he worked for the Edison Telephone Company. He tried his hand at writing novels, and wrote five in all. Only one of them I found readable, "The Admirable Bashville," and it is a glorified schoolboy's novel. He says, "I recall these five remote products of my nonage as five heavy brown paper parcels which were always coming back to me from some publisher, and raising the very serious financial question of the sixpence to be paid to the carriers." He was musical critic on the "Star" for two years, and then dramatic critic on the "Saturday Review" for three years. During this period he created his finest character, Bernard Shaw. In his valedictory article to the "Review" he lets us into the secret. "For ten years past, with an unprecedented pertinacity and obstination, I have been dinning into the public head that I am an extraordinarily witty, brilliant, and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England; and no power in heaven or on earth will ever change it. I may dodder and dote; I may pot-boil and platitudinize; I may become the butt and chopping-block of all the bright, original spirits of the rising generation; but my reputation shall not suffer; it is built up fast and solid, like Shakespeare's, on an impregnable

basis of dogmatic reiteration." He did his work only too well, he created the brilliant Jaeger clad, red-haired clown, who turned the most wonderful mental somersaults. Five years later, when he wrote, "You must take me as I am, a reasonable, patient, consistent, apologetic, laborious person, with the temperament of a schoolmaster and the pursuits of a vestryman," he found out that the average man preferred the clown. The average man will not take him seriously, and herein lies the reason for the disparity between his fame and his influence. He has been a huge cannon firing blank shots; he has made a great noise and no mark. The orator who amuses his audience, seldom converts them.

Yet Shaw is in deadly earnest. He who thinks him a mere clown, has made a gross mistake. He is that rarest of mortals, an intellectually honest man. We shall be having a Bach Festival soon. It is the fashion to praise Bach just now, and people who would love to say "Bah" ferociously, whenever they hear his name, say "Ah" with deep emotion, and roll their eyeballs in ecstasy. I have seen fat old female chocolate masticators enduring a Shakespearean play because it is the thing. One simply must show an interest in dear William, don't you know. Against this intellectual hypocrisy and snobbery, Shaw has always fought valiantly. There is a lot of truth in his statement, "When I began to write, William was a divinity and a bore. Now he is a fellow-creature; and his plays have reached an unprecedented pitch of popularity. And yet his worshippers overwhelm my name with insult." Of course, in literary criticism, Shaw makes a grave mistake. He reads the books he criticises. One should not do that. One should turn to the literary text-books written by men, who have not read the books they write about, and reproduce the opinions one finds there. People, who have at the most read six Elizabethan plays, raise their hands in horror when Shaw writes, "Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, and the rest were a crew of insufferable bunglers and dullards."

What Shaw lacks is a sense of humour. He has a ton of wit, but no humour. Shakespeare's earliest plays are witty, but not humorous. Real humour comes from the heart, wit comes from the head; Shaw is all head. Show me a faddist of any description, and I will show you a man without a sense of humour. Shaw is a non-smoker, a non-drinker, a vegetarian. And here lies the reason why Shaw thinks Bunyan a greater moral artist than Shakespeare. How can any man appreciate the humour of Shakespeare, who has not a little bit of Falstaff in him? There was a good Presbyterian parson lost in Shaw.

Every sensible person knows that the pictures of love, and of people in love, in the ordinary novel, are all moonshine. Every sensible person knows that the idea in the popular lines—

A loaf of bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness

is merely silly. And Shaw simply states the obvious when he writes, "To imply that love alone makes life worth living is folly gone erotically mad." Love in Shaw is devoid of romance. Man does not pursue Woman, Woman pursues Man. "The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women. It is assumed that the woman must wait motionless until she is moved. Nay, she often does wait motionless. That is how the spider waits for the fly." There is some truth in the statement, but only some. The pursuit of man by woman, and of woman by man, is on a fifty-fifty basis. Man is not a poor hunted creature fleeing before a crowd of fierce-eyed flappers. Life is not as interesting as all that. The Victorians treated women as though they had no brains, no individuality; poor creatures who were ready to faint at the slightest provocation. Shaw and Mencken and a number of the Moderns have rushed to the opposite extreme. While admitting that it takes a lot to make the average woman of to-day faint, it is grossly absurd to see in her a creature whose sole aim in life is the stalking of a mate. It argues a sorry lack of humour to look on marriage as a sort of lucky stocking that contains 19 snakes and an eel. Again Shaw and

Mencken would have us believe that only the first-rate men escape marriage. Those of us who are bachelors, are inclined on first thoughts to think that it is true; when we consider the other bachelors of our acquaintance we perceive that it is not true. But Shaw is a useful antidote against the Barrie licorice. The wife, according to Barrie, is the noble creature who helps her husband to higher things. Barrie is a single man. "Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that." Shaw is a married man. "Ann," exclaims Octavius, "would you marry an unwilling man?"—to whom Ann replies, "There's no such thing as a willing man when you really go for him." Shaw denies progress. The human race has not progressed. "There will always be an illusion of progress, because whenever we are conscious of an evil we remedy it, and therefore always seem to ourselves to be progressing, forgetting that most of the evils we see are the effects, finally become acute, of long-unnoticed retrogressions." Shaw holds that two things are necessary, before we can progress in reality, good breeding, and good education. And here he attacks the home. "The vilest abortionist is he who attempts to mould a child's character." He ridicules the parental attitude of "I am one of the successes of the Almighty; therefore imitate me in every particular or I will have the skin off your back." Alfred Doolittle is Shaw's picture of an ideal father. To the charge that he has brought his daughter up too strictly, he replies, "Me! I never brought her up at all, except to give her a lick of the strap now and again." Shaw's indictment of modern education is absurd. He simply does not know what he is talking about. He says, "The school remains what it was in my boyhood, because its real object remains what it was—to keep the children out of mischief. It is a ghastly business, quite beyond words, this schooling!" He talks the most utter piffle about corporal punishment. He thinks that all teaching is done by the "Fust they ax yer then they 'its yer" method. There is very little corporal punishment in the modern school, perhaps too little. But, in truth,

Shaw ruins his case every time by overstatement, and gross exaggeration. It is a pity, for Shaw is both a great writer and a clever and original thinker. He has high and noble ideals; he has had

the courage to fight for them; he has raised himself from obscurity to be the foremost European writer; he might have been Prospero had he not elected to be Puck.

Rejuvenation

That the authorities in N.S.W. have granted permission for the importation of Anthropoid Apes for purposes of glandular transplantation has caused amongst the unenlightened an agitation only less than that evoked by the findings of the recent Lambeth Conference.

Despite the fact that for almost a decade literature intelligible to the educated layman has been available on the subject of "rejuvenation," a vast deal of ignorance and misunderstanding still persists. Ideas of the Simian inclinations of the recipients of these glands and of the hereditary results of their implantation have been propagated in the pseudo-humorous works of writers who are patently devoid of scientific training and even of a rudimentary understanding of the elements of biology. The circulation of these fallacious ideas has served to cast discredit on the discoveries of men of genuine ability—"Stupidity is everywhere and invincible." Moreover that disinclination to speak openly on matters pertaining to sex, so typically evinced by the English, must be blamed for having prevented the general acceptance and appreciation of these discoveries in a frank and intelligent manner.

It is known that the sex-glands which are mainly concerned in rejuvenation have besides a secretory and reproductive function an incretory function. The effect of this incretion poured into the bloodstream is of far-reaching physical and psychical consequence. Its influence in stimulating other ductless glands is generally acknowledged.

Sterilisation by the removal of these glands has been effected for centuries, for punishment, as a sign of slavery, to fit men for some particular occupation, such as guardians of the harem or to preserve the soprano voice; and the results of this deprivation have been very

apparent. Generally speaking the effect on the organism can be compared with the effects of the glandular insufficiency in old age; the memory is bad, the intelligence slow, courage and enterprise are lacking, signs of senility appear prematurely, and it is rare for old age to be attained. It was this analogy which suggested to Voronoff that glandular transplantation might be used on those whom nature had gelded.

It is not the grafting of sex glands that is new, but the practical application. As far back as 1770 there is record of grafting experiments on animals. John Hunter reimplanted sex glands into a gelded dog. Three years prior to that he recorded the grafting of glands from a cock into a hen. Similar experiments were performed by Berthold in 1849, Phillipeaux in 1858, and Montagazza in 1864. At the present Steinach, of Vienna, ranks foremost amongst the many investigators in this particular field of work.

In 1889 Brown-Séquard endeavoured to stay the ravages of age by injecting himself with extracts from animal testes and, though others who followed him were less successful, claimed some degree of benefit, albeit of an ephemeral nature. But it was not until 1911 that Lespinasse performed the first transplantation into a man whose glands had been destroyed as the result of an accident; the operation was successful. Lydston reported in 1920 that in 1914 he had transplanted into his own body the gland of a healthy man who had died 17 hours previously. In 1915 Lichtenstern began a series of transplantations, 26 in all, of which 22 were successful. By this time it was clearly seen that the material obtainable for grafts from man to man was insufficient for transplantation ever to become a practical therapeutic measure available for all condemned by glandular in-

sufficiency to old age or premature senility, and it was this lack of material from human sources which suggested to Voronoff that use might be made of the close biological affinity between man and the anthropoid apes.

The serilogist knows no test physical or chemical which will differentiate between the blood of the two genera; the normal body temperature, 98.5 degrees F., is common to them both, and so the cells which make up the tissues of the human body live under humeral conditions the same as or remarkably similar to those of the anthropoid ape. Thus it was rational to suppose that glands from an anthropoid donor grafted into the human body would persist and function as in the original owner, resembling rather a homograft than a heterograft or graft between fundamentally different species where the organic fluids are reciprocally toxic. Though heterografts have been applied to man, more especially by American investigators—Stanley of St. Quentin reports on 21 cases of transplantation from rams to human beings—they have invariably suffered a rapid and fatal necrosis, absorption being completed at the most in a few months.

Another illuminating aspect of the work is that the majority of those who practise rejuvenation do not transplant glands at all. Steinach, who has been mentioned previously, reported in 1918 the results of his researches with animals to Lichstenstern of Vienna, and requested that he should apply them to human beings. Steinach's idea, which again was not without precedent, consisted in the ligaturing of the duct which carries the male reproductive elements to the exterior. The operation had been practised by Lennander of Upsala in 1894, for the cure of another complaint associated with age, and later by other surgeons. In June, 1924, Lichtenstern confirmed his report of 1920 on over 200 cases—no bad consequences have ever been observed as a result of the operation, and I consider that it is improbable that any could occur. On the other hand, however, very marked changes for the better were noted in a majority of the cases.

The ligaturing or resecting of the sperm-duct had caused the reproductive

cells to degenerate, and simultaneously had caused a revivication and increase in number of the glandular cells producing the male hormone. This change, which is comparable with that which takes place in the case of grafting foreign glands into the organism, is accompanied in cases of senility by a general improvement in health and sexual vigour. The application of X-rays in certain dosages produces a temporary degeneration of the reproductive elements of the gland and a reinvigoration of the cells responsible for the internal secretion. This method, however, is more recent, less understood, and seems much less reliable.

As we might reasonably expect, glandular transplantation applied to females has been less thoroughly experimented with, for the situation of the sex glands within the abdominal cavity entails a major operation for both donor and recipient. Steinach's work with animals shewed that transplantation was as successful with females as with males, but as in the female there is no structural continuity between gland and the tube which conveys the reproductive elements to the exterior, the ligaturing or cutting of the tube causes no structural changes comparable with those produced in the male gland. With actual grafting, Natras, of Melbourne, proved that transplanted ovaries which had been embedded in the abdominal wall of a patient had persisted unchanged in size for over nine years. The patient had during that period been physiologically normal.

To some extent X-rays have been used to destroy the egg cells and stimulate the glandular secreting tissue. The main difficulty lies in the lack of evidence available relating to the strength of the dosage. An excessive dose may destroy the very cells it was called upon to strengthen.

Up to the present it has not been possible to decide whether rejuvenation in man actually prolongs life. In the case of certain animals whose life span is relatively short, experiment has shewn conclusively that there is a positive increase in the length of life enjoyed by rejuvenated individuals. On the other hand there is absolutely no reason to suppose that rejuvenation shortens life at all. There is, however, the fact to be

considered that man is likely to be over prodigal with his renewed powers. To those for whom the word rejuvenation conjures up pictures of unbridled lust it will be pleasing intelligence that sexual regeneration is not by any means the principal aspect. Whilst in some cases improvement was equally shewn in mental, physical, and sexual health, in others distinct improvement in health, both mental and physical, was not accompanied by restoration of potency. Where the cells of organism have through extreme age or inflammatory disease been destroyed, they cannot be restored. Debilitated cells have been revitalised in an almost unbelievable manner, but the testicular hormone cannot recreate the tissue that is dead. In no known instance was the sexual function restored without a radical improvement in both mental and physical well-being. Amongst other applications of the principle of transplation, Lichtenstern and Mühsam both report on cases of homosexual individuals who have been rendered normal through grafting. Whilst it must not be regarded as a panacea, Haire sums up: "In successful cases it may lower blood pressure; increase muscular energy; stimulate appetite for food; relieve insomnia and indigestion; cause improved nutrition of

skin and renewed growth of hair; improve power of concentration, memory, temper and capacity for mental work; and possibly increase sexual desire, potency, and pleasure. Not all these changes appear in every case, nor does this list cover all the changes that may appear."

In the light of all this it surely seems both rational and humane to fight senility just as one fights a disease, "by giving back to the body the source of its vigour and of its energy, a source that age has dried up."

C.G.D.C.

[In connection with this subject the following extract from the "Brisbane Courier," October 8th, is of interest:—

"Berlin, October 6th.

Dr. Peter Semidt, a rejuvenation expert, and the author of a book entitled 'The Conquest of Old Age,' which evidently advocated rejuvenation, has not lived to test his theories. He committed suicide when he was 38 years of age, having decided that life was no longer worth living."

This incident might form a basis for a philosophical essay which the new "Galmahra" staff would no doubt appreciate.—Ed.]

—o—

LIFE.

Life is a lyre

With silver strings fine drawn, through which
the breeze

Sighs sweet love lyrics on a summer's day,
When honey bees sip slowly at frail flowers.

At eve, the moaning night-wind stirs the
strings

And wakes strange melodies of things
unseen,

Of ghastly rustlings, and chill eerie wails.
Fierce storm-winds crash, and from the
stricken lyre

Beat out a battle-call of shrieking hate,
Which swells a mighty discord, fades and
dies,

And a long sob of passion fills the air;
Until at last the silver cord is loosed
And the song dies, and a great stillness
reigns.

Lo, this is life.

CHILDE ROLAND.

The Surveyor

Though for five months we had worked one day a week with him we never knew him; we did not even know his name. We had observed that he was old and had a weather-beaten face surrounding two bright, or rather piercing, blue eyes, and that he walked with a cautious gait, for, as we afterwards found, he was used to the bush. Beyond that, I think the greatest interest we took in him was when we calculated the distance he walked testing the chains, while we fooled around helplessly under the trees. For his part he ignored us as completely. Because of his quietness we had not thought much of him as a surveyor; yet he could set a picket plumb more quickly than any of us and always got what he wanted,—there was never, as far as I remember, an argument. In the same way he rarely criticised or offered advice, though if we were in difficulties he would quickly set up for us in the best place; if in doubt he would, perhaps a trifle impatiently, exclaim, "Go right ahead," and point out the obvious course to take.

When we reached camp we changed our views for, though not Australian born, he had worked all his life in the bush, and even at his present age could swing an axe as cleanly as any man. We perceived that his quietness was due to his having become an Australian; it is typical of men who have spent their lives among the "eternal gum trees," and had marked him more because of his profession, or rather trade, for he was essentially a practical man and could never be bothered with examinations. Too much of his life had been spent under the old order of independence and country work for him to make the big change over to authorised surveyor with an examined knowledge of mathematics and astronomy and the refined geodetic and city work. He was good at the laying off of farm boundaries and roads—the work he knew and loved.

Our way of working must have amused him greatly, though he rarely showed it. I remember one time as he was chopping an oak sapling, yards off the line, that he started chuckling heartily; we stopped and from the creek bank a few chains

away, faintly heard the shout: "If you don't take this — picket I'll knock your — head off! You little —!" The oaths were strong but it was typical of us; therewith a great deal of shouting, running back and forth, and returning to fell unnoticed obstacles. It made a great contrast with his silent advance. While we were arguing Billy would pick up the axe, look at the instrument and plod ahead, spotting trees apparently off the line whose upper branches might obstruct the view and he would eventually set a picket by hand signs,—it does not take long to learn that it is a good shout that is intelligible even five chains away. And just as he was quietly dependable himself, so he expected others to be. Fred, now "his boss", who had been Billy's pupil before examinations, told us how he set a line which Billy had cleared and then discovered it was a degree out. "Oh! Billy roared like a bull," he laughed, and we could imagine the fire in those bright eyes.

Unfortunately we never really appreciated his silent help; there was a pagan joy in yelling, "That's miles out, you — fool," which far outweighed, for us, the efficiency of the long sweep of an outstretched arm. And it really was annoying for the axeman to stand and watch Billy's easy swinging strokes instead of viciously attacking the tree himself. I think he enjoyed chopping as much as we did, and certainly took a pride in his axemanship. Once as he was making a picket, sharpening the ends of the three foot stick, Bob remarked that Mr. James had said we should use only four long cuts.

"Yes, you just cut it like this," and then as an afterthought, "You should see his pickets though."

"Why, are they pretty awful?"

"— awful!" he used a long drawn out adjective, rather grieved at the thought that any surveyor should use such slapdash sticks. And then unable to leave Fred's abilities thus slighted he added: "He's wonderful quick with the instrument though, wonderful quick!"

As I have said, when we were running a line we preferred to go our own

sweet way; even through lantana, when we found out how far a chain really is—14 chain was a good day's run—it was more satisfying to have worked unaided. But when it came to fixing corners we were always glad of Billy's help. He was an expert at finding reference trees,—some-one suggested that he "smelt 'em out"—and would unwaveringly accept a black pile of ash as the Ironbark 30/N20E marked on the plan. Once after looking round he pronounced, "Oh! that's the corner tree. You take it."—a large gum with a surface smooth and white. We found justification for his faith when the blaze was dropped out of a similar gum. The surface showed a small gentle bump about three feet high, nothing more; on chopping a big scarf a wedge, about six inches deep, came away clean, bearing embossed on its inner curve a broad arrow and an R, where the wood had grown into the blaze mark made when the land was surveyed forty years ago. Another, a mahogany, was not even large enough to be conspicuous; the bark bore a little cross-shaped scar on the almost imperceptible bump, no other indication; but two inches in were the axemarks as smooth as when they were made. A

capability almost as remarkable was that of judging distance; we were rather dubious when he said he would get the creek offsets and walked along the chain calling out the distances to the bank as he went, but when, after crossing a ridge and a creek, he set a picket at exactly five chains from the previous one we understood why he had not stepped out those distances.

Throughout the camp that was the man we saw decisive and capable; no longer an old chap pottering about the domain, but a bushman in his proper country. With the old flat hat he always wore, the old pipe and a flannel shirt, his gear strapped to his belt and an axe on his shoulder he would come up to us and start work. Always decisive he knew what was to be done and he did it; always quiet he preferred to sit apart and lunch. But rather I would like to think of him as he sat at night in white shirt, with bespectacled nose and white hair, serenely perusing the paper before a pipe by the dying embers. With the flat grey hat the hardness of the bush had been put aside.

"J."

—O—

TREASURE.

When one is young, and when one loves a
maiden

Divinely fair,
The sun shines high and brightly overhead
In mid blue air;
When all the birds are carolling their songs,
'Tis then I dare
To steal the notes of music and the
sunbeams
For my heart, and bind them there.

When one is old, and when one loves no
longer

The maiden fair,
The sun is hid, the skies are overclouded,
And all is care;
When birds are trembling, and their songs
are silent,
'Tis then I dare
Unbind the notes of music and the sunbeams
In my heart, that I bound there.

M. de VISME GIPPS.

Doc's Diary ; or Us at Caloundra

MONDAY, 25th.—Beastly alarm went off at 4 o'clock. Shut it up and went to sleep again. Woke up 25 minutes before train left. Hell's bells! No breakfast.

Three hours on the hardest train seats I've ever sat on. Arrived at Landsborough and transhipped to flivvers. Got a 1914 model Buick. Tore over the World's worst roads. K.O. sat in front and talked differentials and internal combustion engines to the charioteer, and after a while we were pleasantly thrilled to learn that brakes were not one of the extravagances which the makers had seen fit to include in the equipment of our conveyance. This was when we started going up and down some uncomfortably steep gradients.

Arrived with high blood pressure at Hotel Francis. Got a room with Fraser. Fish lunch and then staggered forth to the beach. Snooped around the rocks. Every now and then Alby would blow a whistle on finding some particularly loathsome reptile or other. Then he would wade out into the middle of the nearest pool in his sandshoes and sox (he always seemed happiest there, though why I can't imagine), and would hold forth on the glories of the monster in his hand to all of us who had clustered around.

Then Fraser and I went inland and gambolled around after butterflies with our butterfly nets. Dinner—fish. The lads got a bit frisky to-night. Dab despoiled of his plumage. Suspected trouble, so we tied the handle of our bedroom door to the wardrobe, filled the washstand appurtenances with water and arranged them around the door with a sea urchin and a chair or two to give marauders pause, and put our two stout walking sticks near the head of our beds. Strangely enough we weren't disturbed.

TUESDAY, 26th.—Got up early and wandered about looking for the bathroom. Finally wandered into the ladies' one by accident. Fortunately I got out before she saw me. Started to rain, and as I have a cold and no mackintosh, Fraser was despatched to the wild in search of insects. I crawled round under the hotel looking for thrips and things. Cleared up,

were going to be awarded marks according to the number of animals we found and in the afternoon (after a nice lunch of fish) we went to look for more reptiles on the beach. When we discovered we were going to be awarded marks I shambled back to the hotel and got a few tush specimens that we collected yesterday. On the way I surprised a pretty fair specimen of a sand-crab engaged in an after-dinner frolic with his family. When I took it back to Fraser he announced that the subject for his thesis (we have to hand in a thesis on some thing that appeals to us on the trip) was going to be "Eyes I have seen," or "Strange beasts and their Eyes," or something, and promptly proceeded to gouge out the thing's eyes. On the way back to the hotel was assailed with yells of "Doc! Doc!" Found a bloodthirsty crowd on the rocks jabbing at a poor octopus. They wanted my stick to dispatch it. Brought it back to the hotel. On the way Fraser muttered something about pinching its eyes. We were duped to-night. K.O. and Tommy told us they had gone to the Lighthouse (on a God-forsaken hill about a mile and a half from the hotel), and the Lighthouse keeper had taken them up to the Lighthouse and let them collect all the moths that had perished around the light. Wonderful collection they'd got, they told us. Not to be outdone, Fraser and I issued forth. It was pitch black and we stumbled and crawled over ploughed fields and precipitous paths and were chased a part of the way by a farm dog who was sceptical of the innocent intent of our mission. When we arrived at the Lighthouse we were coldly informed that nobody was ever allowed up the Lighthouse.

WEDNESDAY.—Consented to go with Alby to "The Flat." The Flats consist of a great meadow full of flowers and flies about three miles from the hotel. Had a loathsome two hours plucking pansies and buttereups and whatnot, and was then informed we had to classify them. I will tell you what a classification involves. There are about ten sheets of closely-typed foolscap with helpful suggestions,

such as: "Is the flower hypogynous or epigynous?" You shut your eyes and put your finger on one alternative. "Turn to suggestion 15." You turn to 15. "Are the flowers epipetalous or gametopetalous?" I look at Fraser. Fraser looks at me. "You say gametopetalous and I'll say epipetalous." I say, what is epipetalous anyhow? "Something to do with the petals, I think," he helpfully suggests, and unsuccessfully dodges a clump of earth. Well, you go from suggestion 15 to 21, from 21 to 23, from 23 to 49, from 49 to 78, from 78 to 102, from 102 to 139, from 139 to 201, from 201 to 230, and you are informed that the thing in front of you, that looks suspiciously like a Scotch Thistle, is a forget-me-not. Then you start at the beginning again.

To-night there was a dance. All the country lads and lassies turned up in buggies and motor-cars, and played grab or something on the verandah, and bog-trotted in the dining-room. A few of us went in. Fraser and I went to bed about 12, but we were kept awake till nearly 2. All the cars were parked right outside our room and made a frightful row. 2.40 a.m., awoke with irritation on left leg. Caught our first siphonaptera two minutes later.

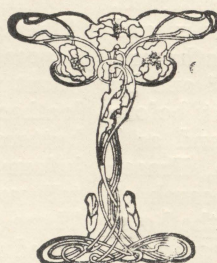
THURSDAY.—Another expedition, after breakfast of fried fish. Went looking for more blossoms and got involved in some of the most poisonous lantana I've ever seen. On the way back to the hotel came across Dake making overtures to an old cow preparatory to extorting a tick or two from it. Helped him, and was given one. Fraser found another variety on himself that night, and

we handed that in too. Unholy row at about 11 o'clock. On investigation it was discovered to be Dake on the front lawn in pyjamas tossing Caloundra fauna of some kind on the galvanised iron roof. Quelled. Later on a couple of lads came into our room. Fraser was two-thirds asleep, but the one-third of him awake scented trouble and he let out a blood-curdling yell. The thugs departed precipitately. They then tackled the room next door and were chucked out. Finally they raided room No. 19. The landlady came toddling up. "This noise must stop, on your honour as gentlemen," and then she said one or two other things. Fanny, Sid, Podge, and Charlie sat on the floor looking sadly at one another. Sat up till two o'clock writing a description of our trip.

FRIDAY.—Awakened at quarter to six by Fanny looking for shaving soap. A godsend that he woke us, because breakfast was at quarter to seven. Breakfast of fish, and got our 1914 Buick again back to Caloundra Station. Several people tried to get into our carriage on the way back to Brisbane. We were righteously indignant and pointed out our reserve notice on the door. Shut the door again and resumed our warbling.

Took home a sea-urchin that I had stored for some days in the soap dish at the hotel. By the time I got home it was a bit high and the family was unanimous in demanding its interment. I had a theory that it couldn't get any higher and must therefore be approachable in a day or two. On the third day after I got back, however, I abandoned the theory and decided to acquiesce.

S.P.



Red Flannel v. Shot Silk

This title may seem strange and out of place at the head of a controversial article dealing with the merits and demerits of American talking pictures. However for enlightenment the reader may cast his mind back to the page and a half of critical endeavour, entitled "Come Now Zeilah," which graced the pages of the August number of this magazine. The article in question, purporting to be a reply to my criticism of American talkies in general, which appeared in the May issue of "Galmahra," contained the statement that with my death "would vanish the last vestige of an age that prefers red flannel next its skin to red blood in its veins." Now, should I belong to the "Red Flannel Age," which at least was willing to stand by its assertions with an ever watchful eye to the future, then N.C.T., the perpetrator of "Come Now Zeilah," may be taken as representative of the modern period, the period for which, after careful consideration of the statements contained in his article, I have chosen the name, "Shot Silk Age." Red flannel, as all my readers among the weaker sex well know, is an honest, hard-wearing material; the same from whichever side it is viewed, whereas Shot Silk—a most adaptable material—flashes changing colours with changing light, but seen from behind presents a sorry spectacle of mixed threads apparently devoid of order and symmetry.

However, I must not digress, but must answer the erudite N.T.C.'s objections to my arguments, staying by the way not even to discuss the subject of good manners and taste in critical articles, a subject of which N.C.T. should make an exhaustive study before again attempting to express his opinions on any controversial matter.

It is rather difficult to find a starting point for my reply proper to "Come Now Zeilah," for most of my learned critic's statements are characterised by a delightful vagueness, which leaves the reader in some doubt as to whether the writer himself was perfectly sure of his own thoughts, even while he was penning his words of wisdom. To take a point at

random, the worthy N.C.T. boldly tells us "The truth is that the Talkies are not *very bad*," and then, carried away by the thought of his own bravery in committing himself to such a sweeping assertion, at once controverts his own universal statement by following it with a particular—"in fact some of them are remarkably good, and no commonsense person will deny it"—very sound argument indeed, one of the remarkably few flaws being that the definition of the phrase "very bad" is a secret, locked tight in the bosom of its author. Again, we learn that the weekly attendance of Brisbane people at talking picture theatres is two hundred thousand—surely N.C.T. does not make the whim of a majority his guiding star through life; public opinion too often has been proved wrong, and is too changeable, too transient to afford safe conduct to the *constant* mind.

I may now combine two of my egregious friend's arguments into one, which may be answered as a whole, and here I must concede him a point only to snatch it from his grasp a moment later. N.C.T. was perfectly right in stating that before the May "Galmahra" went to print, I had had no opportunity of seeing an English talking picture, and his admirable and unwonted accuracy was further exemplified in his accusation that I had said nothing new. In both these statements my friend has his back to a solid wall of truth. I had not seen any English production, nor had I said anything new, but in England several "neurotic" writers, including such well known and justly recognised wielders of the critical pen as E. V. Lucas, A. P. Herbert, and E. V. Knox, have been studying American and English pictures from a comparative point of view, and publishing criticisms in that "highbrow" journal, "Punch." I blush with shame to admit the crime—the views I expressed in the May number of "Galmahra" were nothing but a paraphrase of the reasoned judgments of the abovenamed "neurotic highbrows," as our N.C.T. is now in honour bound to call them.

Next we may take the question of accent, and combine with it to some

extent the discussion of American as contrasted with British "sentimentality." My patriotic critic asks with an air of righteousness-about-to-be-vindicated, have I heard Clive Brook, William Powell, Ruth Chatterton and Ronald Colman in American productions, and is graciously inclined to concede me "that some voices are hideous to cultured ears, but some are delightful in a land with an accent such as ours." His argument here does not stand. The "stars" he has taken it upon himself to uphold have no need of his moral support, for every one of them is of original British nationality, and has at least an elementary British education. The voices of the select few are passable, this much will I detract from my assertion, but those with whom they are associated on the screen more frequently than otherwise, are possessed of voices which satisfy to the full the Australian desire for "the quaint, the exotic, the bizarre." Typical of the "moderns," as whose champion N.C.T. has thrust himself forward, is his justification for the American accent—"some voices are hideous to cultured ears, but some are delightful in a land such as ours." Even while recognising the presence of the disease, he sees no reason for attempting to find a cure, and is perfectly willing to allow a foreign element to taint our speech, our national individuality to become merged in that of an extraneous race.

"Ah! take the Cash and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum."

I need spend but little time on the question of sentimentality—a word to which it is almost impossible to attach an hard and fast definition. Suffice it to say that Hollywood manners and customs are not ours—the Britisher at least has some individuality of character as his national attribute, and there is no need for the manners and ways of living of American persons as popularised by a film producer to be incorporated in our national life. In my previous article I did not deny the existence of British sentimentality, but merely expressed indirectly my dislike for the type found in practically every American talking picture presented to Brisbane audiences. I cannot more explicitly express the distinction I am

trying to make than by taking the words of La Roche and applying them to the present discussion: "There is a country accent, not in speech only, but in thought, conduct, character, and manner of existing which never forsakes a man." This quotation, though almost illegitimately applied, will, I hope, emphasise in the reader's mind the fact that the United States of America and the British Empire as a whole are separated by more than an arbitrary border line or a few thousand miles of sea.

There is yet another rock upon which the views of the very modern N.C.T. must come to grief. Here I refer to his unfortunate Cyrenaic indifference to the adoption of American slang, as belied at the public from the silver screen into our national speech, which contains already a comprehensive vocabulary of colloquial expressions. But here again, when we have fathomed the depths of N.C.T.'s vagueness of expression (he is "not so sure" that talkie slang is any "worse" than our own) we find him with youthful ardour attempting to bolster up an unsupportable contention. Now, in expert English opinion, slang is justifiable, and undoubtedly useful, when it is a product of the country in which it finds its application; but imported slang is no less indubitably unjustifiable, as it can have no local application in the first instance, and at all times has an unnatural and forced meaning. On the other hand, in the opinion of Professors Greenough and Kittredge, Americans both (of Harvard), "its coinage and circulation come rather from the wish of the individual to distinguish himself by oddity or grotesque humour. Hence slang is seldom controlled by any regard for propriety, and it bids deliberate defiance to all considerations of good taste." This is an American opinion of slang; presumably, in the first instance, directed at that of the U.S.A.—how much more intense the meaning of this statement in application to an Australian supporter of such slang—and especially when its dictum is applied to one who should know better—our N.C.T.

I come now to the last question (we may ignore N.C.T.'s limerick as the unconsidered but understandable effervescence of youthful inexperience) that of mutilation:

of books by American film producers. On this subject the benevolent N.C.T. concedes me half a point, then with a strange feminine inconsistency turns upon his own argument and routs it completely. "What," he demands, "what American sound pictures have mutilated books of either past or present authorship?"

Then with the words of this challenge still wet upon his paper, but filled with the desire to defend Hollywood's "The Taming of the Shrew," he hastens on to state that "this picture is funny, *but it is not Shakespeare!*"—Need I say more?

"ZEILAH."

—o—

Student Benefactions

The amounts in the various funds are:

	£	s.	d.
Library	250	7	10
Arts	72	14	6
Science	34	12	3
Engineering	45	7	9
Law	11	18	10
Commerce	3	2	0
Agriculture	5	4	6
Union	106	2	11
Sports	37	16	8
Specified	186	3	4
Unspecified	2	2	0
Total	£755	12	7

In the last report which this committee sent to "Galmahra" one of the aims suggested for the advancement of Student Benefactions funds was the bringing up of the Faculty funds, each to the minimum of £100, so that the annual interest might be available for use. The Arts Faculty fund has in the meantime advanced slightly and now reached a total of £72/14/6. This is well within striking distance of the required total, and it would be excellent if that total could be achieved within this year. In fact, at the present price of government loans, it requires a sum of only £92 to buy a 1943 loan giving five guineas per annum.

Reference was made in the last report to the plan carried out by one graduand to provide a corporate gift, made up of small amounts, from the graduands of 1930. This should be an excellent lead for those who finish their courses this year, for there is now a basis on which

to work. The gift from last year's graduands has not yet been decided upon, but the replies to the letter of reminder sent by this graduand to his friends showed that they were willing and pleased to add to the funds. All that was needed was to bring the plan before their notice.

Throughout the year the interest taken in the plan has been growing among the undergraduates. Among the donations have been the remainder of a levy taken up for the Commemoration procession, a small surplus from the Evening and External Students' Association's annual dance, and the proceeds of the impromptu concert on the steps of the G.P.O. on Commemoration Day. The amounts were not large, but the fact that they were given is evidence that the students know and appreciate the aims of the S.B. plan.

The Fryer Memorial Library is growing fast. During the last vacation, Dr. Robinson obtained some valuable books of Australian literature and literary history by means of a grant from the Norton bequest interest. Student gifts to the Fryer are being expended on modern Australian novels, some eighteen of which have already been purchased. An account of the life of Denis Fryer is in preparation for inclusion in the Library, together with his photograph, which will be hung in a prominent place.

We wish to apologise for the inadvertent omission from our last report of the name of Miss A. F. Bage, M.Sc., as a representative of the Women Graduates' Association.

Wendouree

There are four or five hundred people in various parts of Australia to whom Wendouree at present is but a name, but for whom it is destined to hold many pleasant associations by the time next long vac. is over. For the benefit of those to whom this introduction is somewhat abrupt and mystifying, be it known that the Australian Student Christian Movement holds its Summer Conference at Wendouree in this coming long vac. during the week January 2 to January 9. As the aim of this article is to persuade you all that it is to your profit and advantage to help make up the four or five hundred fortunate people already mentioned, the most obvious means to such an end is to set forth some recollections of my own first conference. The difficulty is in knowing where to begin, for on looking back it seems impossible that so much could have been crowded into one short week.

First of all, then, allow me to free your minds of any suggestion of undue gloom or solemnity aroused by the idea of an A.S.C.M. Annual Conference. In the first place it is not possible for anything gloomy or dismal to rear its head in the presence of healthy young people. In the second place the C.U. wants to help you make the most of life, and it doesn't believe that the way to do it is to go round with a long face. In the third place it is only the people that are sufficiently interested in life to want to know what lies behind it that join the C.U., and they're the kind that make things interesting wherever they are.

But perhaps a few concrete illustrations would be more convincing than arguments. A noteworthy feature at conferences is the meals. The conference takes its eating seriously and sees to it that the food is good; but apart from this it provides you with a feast of laughter and a flow of wit all through meals. There's usually a large dining hall filled with tables each seating a dozen or so, and at the head of each is a person of importance, such as a prof. or a circle leader. Now it is the practice, very startling to novices I found it, for one table to rise in a body and with one voice to demand a limerick

or a funny story or something equally frivolous of the person of importance at the head of the neighbouring table; and the graver and more dignified and more generally unapproachable he may appear, the greater the alacrity of his response. The sight of these dignified gentlemen mounting chairs and tables to deliver jests to a body of merry undergrads. is joyous indeed, and when they have finished they return quite genially to their porridge or soup.

If I seem to have dwelt at undue length on the meals, it is only because they are typical of the good fellowship and jollity that enliven all the lighter moments of a conference. The same spirit pervades early morning rambles and after supper strolls, concerts and interstate sports, charades, trips, community singing, all the thousand and one things that undergrads. think of to make a short week the happiest you have ever spent. Community singing is perhaps the most popular diversion, and until you have heard several hundred voices uplifted with great earnestness to inform all whom it may concern that

"There's a hole in my bucket

Dear Liza, dear Liza,

There's a hole in my bucket

Dear Liza, a hole!"

your education has been sadly neglected.

But because there is plenty of fun, don't imagine that an A.S.C.M. Conference is nothing more than a glorified house-party. Some time or other we all have to face the serious issues of life, and these conferences help you to do it. And they really do help. The oneness of 400 undergrads. standing in a body, still, with heads bent, for the last prayer at night, is the most impressive experience I have ever had. Their quiet earnestness made one feel that they were seeking for something which was worth while, which no one can afford to miss.

There is a general atmosphere of friendliness and good fellowship about a conference which is one of its most attractive features. I don't mean that you run round beaming vacantly on everybody else; it's just that people are so willing to be friendly if you want

them, and if you want to get to know them they meet you half way. You don't wait for formal introductions; everybody wears a ticket inscribed with name, State, and faculty, and there's your introduction complete.

I haven't said nearly all I want to say about Wendouree; study circles, where you clarify your ideas of what you believe and what you don't; tutorials, where heated arguments occur on the relations between Christianity and Communism, &c.; addresses which really lift you out of yourself—but an editor's blue pencil is merciless and this article—or advertisement—already waxes lengthy. I'll just finish up by presenting you with an imposing list of all the reasons why you ought, no, why you *must* go to Wendouree.

First, you owe it to yourself to go, for the chance it will give you of looking things squarely in the face. Second, I guarantee you a jolly good time in the very best sense of the word, both during the conference and after, when there will be

motor trips arranged for all those staying on in Melbourne; the cars are mostly privately owned and you are charged only for the running expenses, so that you will get trips to famous beauty spots for a fraction of the tourist service price. Third, you will probably make more friends, true friends, in a week than you have made so far in the whole of your life.

In conclusion let me say that at conference you won't be expected to talk about your attitude to life and death, and lay bare the holy of holies of your inmost thoughts for strangers to gaze upon; nobody will demand your confidence if you don't want to give it. Yet insensibly you will find yourself reacting to the sympathy you feel about you, and you will be able to discuss the problems that have been worrying you; you will hear what other people think about them and about other things on which perhaps you have made up your mind. You may form new opinions, you may change old ones, but if you enter into the spirit of things you will praise Allah for Wendouree.



SONG.

When the lark rises singing from the grasses,
And the rose sheds its sweetness on the air;
When the brook ripples runes as it passes,
And drowsy bees their toll of sweetness bear;
When, gleaming in swift sunshine, laughs
the sea,
And waves upon the golden shore beat
foaming,
Heart, little heart,
There is no place for thee,
Lone through the world art thou roaming.

When heavy in their stems nod the roses,
And birds in the tree tops sing no more;
When the firefly its dancing light discloses,
And the toil-weary cottar bars his door;
When, spent by its labours, moans the sea,
And patient stars awaken in the gloaming,
Heart, little heart,
There is no rest for thee,
Still through the world art thou roaming.

CHILDE ROLAND.

Vanities

SPRINGTIME IN BRISBANE.

Now buds with pinking blossom every peach tree

In narrowed fowl run or in straitened yard:
To his winged lady, perched on fence or stable,

His love in song, outpours each feathered bard.

Aloft the kookaburra's cachinnations

Fill all the shaking air with glozing glee:
And noisy nesting sparrows choke our spouting;

(Last year I tore my strides from hip to knee!)

The schoolboy kicks his football in the cupboard,

Brings forth and oils his pair of well-loved bats:

The school miss dreams of glossy new silk stockings,

And sunshades, slender shoes, and shapely hats.

Her elder sister puts her furs in moth balls,

And studies 'Vogue' for bath-creations cute,

While brother Robert interviews his tailor,

And plans a snappy flapper-catching suit.

Now eggs galore the busy hen is laying;

(Why can't she lay like this when eggs are dear?)

Now grass grows thick and rank upon the pathway;

Ah! many an aching back 'twill take to clear!

Now blow warm, scented zephyrs o'er the landscape,

Too warm, alas, they very soon will be;
And markets will be glutted, and Suburbia
Will suffer a plethora of sweet-pea!

Now enters fly, mosquito, moth and cockroach!

Now marches down on garden, grub and worm!

And, leading ruthless troop of minor ailments,

Stalks in the lordly influenza germ!

Now bathrooms, hereto filled with shivered groanings,

With songs of love in strident tenor ring:
And greybeards' hats are cocked at rakish angles,

And hennaed spinsters trip along with Spring!

And undergrads—the noun is common gender

Eschewing Edgar Wallace, love and laught

Er fev'rishly skim o'er neglected textbooks,
And deep in lecture-notes, get down to graft!

H.M.

THE FEM-IN-INE PIEBALD.

O I've seen 'em fair and I've seen 'em dark

And I've seen 'em in between,

And I've met a head of a shade of red

As easily heard as seen;

But never in all my wanderings

In any port I've called,

Have I struck that rarest of human things

The fem-in-ine piebald.

I've been to Paris, New York, Brazil,

Fremantle and Peru,

And I've lived on mice in the northern ice

In search of something new;

Through North and East and South and West

A nne-tooth-comb I've hauled,

In every place I've sought with zest

A fem-in-ine piebald.

I want to marry a piebald head,

Half yellow and half green,

Half black and white, like a starry night—

You must know what I mean.

I want one in whose living hair

Dame Nature has embrawled

Two shades; I've hunted everywhere

This fem-in-ine piebald!

And now I'm going no more to roam

The tracks of the trackless sea,

For I've come to feel this strange ideal

May never be found by me.

The years may come and the years may pass

And leave me unenthralled

Until I meet that dreamlike lass—

My fem-in-ine piebald.

“ZEILAH.”

—o—

A 'VARSITY PICTURE GALLERY OF TWENTY MINIATURES.

I dote on Alsatians,

I loathe all sensations,

I'm addressed common gender,

I swear with much splendour,

I aspire to perfection,

I'm quick at correction,

Am learnèd and naughty,

Learnèd, naughty, and haughty,

I bashfully smile,

But I *won't* try the aisle!

I'm handsome and know it,

I'm thick with a poet,

I take life most seriously,

A dentist I'm said to be,

I dote on all figures,

Raise lecture-room sniggers,

I flirt on the ferry—

I'm versatile, very!

But I've never been kissed,

So I'd never be missed!

[The Editor accepts no responsibility for the above atrocity. Some of our analytic intellects may be able to make sense of it, but no prizes are offered for identifications. —Ed. “G.”]

Vestibularia

Dan Cupid is still about!

We would heartily congratulate George Boulton on his success in persuading Ethel Campbell that he will make her a worthy life-partner. Might we venture, too, to say how excellent we consider her taste in accepting him?

Congratulations likewise to Chas. Hooper, who also has extracted the correct answer to the appropriate question. Gwen Horsley, we understand, is the lady who secures the excellent Podge.

Old stagers at Emmanuel were pleased to see Andy Muir in college for a few days recently. Andy, a stalwart of 1926, is at present one of the many Queensland Grads. teaching at Scots College, Sydney.

Bert Francis showed his affection for the 'Varsity by coming to Brisbane for his holidays. In his working hours he studies, where he formerly enjoyed, co-education in Charters Towers.

News is to hand from Rockhampton that Ken Gillam is a proud father. We offer our bashful, but none the less sincere, congrats.

Jack Irwin finds dental carpentry at Pomona a busy—and withal profitable—profession. We understand that he encourages football as a worth-while adjunct to his practice.

Occasional tidings filter through from Ian George. Newcastle was at best a dingy centre before his advent, but rumour hath it that since he left us its lights have been of the brightest.

Eric Roberts, who did first-year med. here, finished his medical course in Sydney last August, with second-class honours after a brilliant 'Varsity career, and honours in his exams each year; is now engaged to a Sydney nurse, Beatrice Simpson.

Back to College Day was held on Saturday 20th.

Dora Easterby and Enid Raymont came down from Toowoomba. Much news gathered.

Winnie Ball, living in Alderley, has a daughter Joan.

Dora (Lockington) Golden, married March 29th, is paying a visit to Brisbane and Ipswich.

Old College girls at Maryborough Grammar School include Margaret Dawson, Margery Harrison, Frances Roland.

Ida Smith and Marion Shipley, on the staff of the Bundaberg State High, went to Ceylon at Christmas.

Dorothy and Connie Yates are teaching at St. Cuthbert's, Auckland.

Gladys (Spurgin) Cooper has a daughter.

Jack Oxenham was last seen at Nambour getting engines ready for sugar crushing.

Ken Baird is doing a survey contract for the Main Roads on the Murgon-Bingera road—useful in pulling Arnanda (Freda's car) out of a rut.

Kathleen Andrews, who married Clive Evans, of John's College, has three boys. Couldn't come to the Back to College because they had whooping cough and chicken pox.

Gladys Yvonne (James) McKeon has four children, including twin boys, and lives at Toowoomba.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Phyllis Fullarton, B.A., a former Editor of "Galmahra," to Mr. Donald Dunstan (an external student).

We were pleased to hear from Jimmy Mahoney last August, not long after the last issue of "Galmahra" appeared. He writes that the vac. finds him at the University of Grenoble, following the Holiday Course for Foreign Students. He sends news of other Queenslanders, several of whom were mentioned in Vestibularia last August.

Kathleen Campbell-Brown, in London before proceeding to a teaching position in France, visited Oxford more than once during the last two terms of the year.

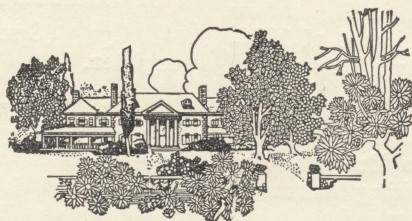
Archie Douglas, who with "Nave" Collins and Clyde Allen is assisting Metropolitan Vickers (Manchester) to make steel, visited Oxford towards the end of Summer Term.

Another visitor was Cec. Ellis, recently arrived from America, where he had been studying milling methods and costs. After a short time at Prince's Risborough (near Oxford), he will return to Queensland as our one and only Forest Economist.

Hay has a Queensland Engineer in Horace Marks, who is with the British Electric Transformer Co. Gordon Berg, it will be remembered, is with Fairey Aircraft in the same town.

Jimmy Parnell is with the B.T.H. Co. at Rugby.

London journalism is the sphere of N. E. Moore Raymond, not unknown to the columns of "Galmahra" and the "Daily Mail."



IDEAL.

I ask no beauty rare of form or face,
 No softly clinging maid whose helpless hands
 Know only how to woo, whose useless grace
 Can ne'er bind fast my life with tempered
 bands;—
 But rather seek the lass whose steely strength
 Is fit to hold tight what she once has
 claimed,
 Whose faith will steady burn throughout
 the length
 Of life's rough course, her spirit still
 untamed.

And when, worn out by fortune's blows, I fail,
 Or winning all, give way to selfish greed,
 May her cool hands strap on my battered mail
 Or her soft voice for those I trample plead;
 And when my will fair reason's way denies
 I'll see my guiding light in her true eyes.

University Societies

THE UNION.

This year the inter-'Varsity debates were held in Sydney, when the representatives of the Union met with some success, defeating Sydney and thus reaching the final. However, the brilliant Melbourne team were the victors in the final debate, which proved to be one of great interest.

It is noteworthy that this is the first time that Queensland has reached the final since the inauguration of the contests ten years ago. Messrs. Cormack and Gredden, members of the team, represented Queensland at the annual meeting of the Australian University Students' Union, held in Sydney.

The chief matter which came under discussion at this meeting, was the suggestion that women students are ineligible as members of these debating teams. Sydney and Melbourne favoured the exclusion of women, and Tasmania their inclusion; while Queensland and Adelaide remained indefinite. No binding decision was arrived at; and the matter thus remains to be discussed next year.

The annual general meeting of the Union will be held on Friday, 17th October, at 1.5 p.m., in the Men's Common Room, and all members of the Union should endeavour to attend this meeting. It may be well to draw the attention of members to Section 6, Sub-section II in the Union Constitution which states that "nominations for the positions of Honorary Office Bearers signed by three members of the Union and by the members nominated must be handed to the Secretary seven clear days before the meeting."

Faculty representatives and representatives of the Evening and External Students and Graduates should also be elected before that meeting, at which such elections must be ratified.

WOMEN'S CLUB.

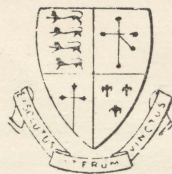
The third social function of the Women's Club this year took the form of a social evening, which was held in the Common Room on July 23rd, at which were entertained women prominent in social work in Brisbane and those closely connected with the University.

The programme included a competition and music, and also elocutionary items. There was a very large gathering, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The annual general meeting of the club was held on September 19th. The officers for the ensuing year are: Patroness, Mrs. M. Scott Fletcher; President, Miss Dorothy Evers; Vice-President, Miss Naida Backhouse; Secretary, Miss Margaret Julius.

MEN'S CLUB.

The annual general meeting of the Club was held in the Men's Common Room on Monday, 29th September. The business of the meeting consisted chiefly in the reading of the Annual Report and the election of officers for the year 1931. Only one nomination had been received for each of the positions of president, vice-president, and secretary. Mr. F. G. Vidgen was elected president, Mr. I. Henderson vice-president, and Mr. A. H. Murray secretary. Messrs. D. B. Vallance, W. P. Hamon, and H. F. McGrath were elected members of the committee. The first function of the new financial year will be the annual dinner in November. It is hoped that the attendance this year will be a large one, as this is really one of the most important functions in the year. It is the custom to take this opportunity of imploring undergraduates, especially freshers, to lend their support, but we all know that such an exhortation is not necessary this year.



St. John's College

Affiliated with the University of Queensland
Under the auspices of the Church of England

RIVER TERRACE, KANGAROO POINT

Warden :

THE REV. CANON W. E. C. BARRETT, M.A. (CANTAB.)

Tutors :

W. M. DOUGLAS, M.A.

R. O. BENNETT,

J. P. McCARTHY, B.A.

N. H. FISHER.

A. N. McINTYRE.

The College is open to Students of all Creeds. Efficient Tutorial assistance is given in preparation for University Lectures and Examinations by a staff of resident and visiting Tutors. Detailed information as to Fees and Conditions of Residence may be obtained from the Warden.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The year now closed has been a very busy one. At the beginning of the year a reading of "His Excellency the Governor" was held, followed shortly afterwards by a reading of One-Act Plays.

On May 15th and May 22nd, eight One-Act Plays were produced in the Men's Common Room with considerable success.

On May 21st a reading of "Bird in Hand" was held in the Women's Common Room, and, after the production of the One-Act Plays, a cast was chosen for "Bird in Hand." This play was staged at Cremorne Theatre on the evenings of August 1st and 2nd before a very appreciative audience.

Subsequent to the Brisbane performances the play was taken on tour and staged at Warwick, August 26th, Toowoomba, August 27th, and Ipswich, August 29th. The houses in the towns visited were quite big, and the audiences most appreciative. Although a slight loss had to be borne by the Society from the Ipswich performance, the Country Women's Associations in Warwick and Toowoomba will benefit by £32 as a result of the tour.

More members have taken an active part in the Society's productions this year than ever before, and at several of the readings as many as fifty members were present.

The annual general meeting of the Society for the year was held on September 26th, and the election of officers for 1931 resulted as follows: President, Professor J. J. Stable; Vice-Presidents, Mr. R. J. H. Risson, B.E., and Dr. F. W. Whitehouse; Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. L. Russell; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. R. K. Macpherson; Additional Members, Miss D. Evers, Miss M. Julius, and Mr. H. Russell.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Musical Society has little to report this time. This issue will come out at about the same time as the "Bach Festival" begins. Arrangements are well in hand at present, and a certain amount of publicity has been attempted, so that now the project is widely known in musical circles. All congratulate the

society on this venture, and considerable interest is felt both in Australia and in a few circles overseas. Letters have been received from abroad congratulating the conductor on the project, while mention was made of the society in the "London Times." Optimism is felt in official quarters.

The annual general meeting was held on Thursday, October 2nd.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Professor Priestley; Vice-Presidents, Miss G. Griffin and Mr. L. G. Hopkins; Secretary, Mr. Clappison; Librarians, Misses Walters and Francis, and Mr. Dunlop.

It was also decided that the out-going committee hold office till after the Bach Festival.

Next year there will be an early meeting, and any interested are invited to attend and hear what the year's programme will be. An increase in members would be very welcome next year.

The committee again wish to thank the conductor and choir for their co-operation and efforts, which we feel should meet with success. The year has been a bad one for everyone, and the enthusiasm maintained is highly creditable, and it is hoped that its reward will be success.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The team to represent Queensland in the inter-'Varsity debates was chosen towards the end of second term. It consisted of Mr. R. F. Cormack (leader), Mr. D. N. Gredden, and Mr. E. I. Sykes, with Mr. I. M. Stewart as emergency. The subjects allotted were rather late in being made known by the Federal Secretary for Debates, and it was found possible to arrange only one debate on one of the subjects: "That this house deplores the increasing Americanisation of Australia."

The inter-'Varsity debates were held in Sydney during the August vacation. All the Australian Universities, with the exception of West Australia, were represented. In the first round Queensland defeated Sydney on the subject: "That this house deplores the increasing Americanisation of Australia." Melbourne defeated Adelaide on the subject:

Emmanuel College

(Within the University of Queensland)



Principal :

REV. MERVYN HENDERSON, M.A. (CANTAB.)

Recorder:

REV. W. C. RADCLIFFE, B.A.
Presbyterian Church Offices, Brisbane

Tutors:

E. I. SYKES
N. C. AITKEN, B.E.
S. G. KENNEDY, M.SC.
G. T. ROSCOE, B.A.
J. A. A. POLLOCK, B.E.
C. M. BARTON, B.E.
K. A. LEMON, B.A.
M. HICKEY, B.A.

The College is situated on the highest point of Wickham Terrace, one of the best and healthiest sites in Brisbane. The College is open to Students of all Denominations. Help in studies is given by efficient tutors.

Information as to fees, bursaries, etc., may be obtained from the Principal or the Recorder.

"That the supremacy of masculine genius cannot continue." In the final debate Queensland lost to Melbourne on the subject: "That this house has no confidence in the rising generation." The standard of the debates in which Queensland took part was the subject of favourable comment.

The activities for the year concluded with the annual general meeting, held on September 30th. The following were elected officers for next year: President, Mr. S. Castlehow; Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Mr. A. A. Morrison; Committee, Misses E. Hanger and G. Grass, Messrs. I. M. Stewart and B. Butler.

WIDER EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

The lectures arranged by the W.E.S. this year have been of all kinds, and the support accorded them indicates that the Society is fulfilling a popular function.

Since the last issue of "Galmahra" there have been eight lectures and, as a conclusion to the year's activities, the delightful recital of music given by Mr. Eric Hayne and Mr. Archie Day.

The first of the lectures was delivered by Mr. F. W. Paterson, a former Rhodes scholar from this University. He gave us an admirable exposition of the views of Communists, and demonstrated that Communism has a true claim to be called scientific. He thoroughly whetted the interest of his hearers. Mr. Schindler gave us further views on the subject the following week. Professor Alcock, the next lecturer, threw a searchlight on the chaos that followed the war.

"Old Books and Book Collecting" was the subject of a singularly charming lecture by Mr. C. J. Dobbie. This was one of those lectures which awake a keen interest in the arts without obviously attempting to do so.

Commander Harvey's two lectures were stimulating in another sense. His humorous and matter of fact account of the frightful hardships overcome by Shackleton and his companions was of the greatest interest to all who heard him.

The Director of the Bureau of Economics, Mr. J. B. Brigden, has not forgotten his professional training, for he gave a neatly rounded exposition of Australia's

troubles, and their causes, and the remedies proposed, ending at four minutes to two. It was perhaps as well that Mr. Hayne and Mr. Day were yet to come, for Mr. Brigden demonstrated very clearly the great obstacles to our prosperity, and the world's, which, he says, will have to be met by our generation.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

Since the last issue of "Galmahra" a new club has been born and has received its baptism of fire. The club is the International Relations Club, formed under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and the baptism of fire, the three discussions which have been held in third term without readily accessible sources of information.

Word has now been received from America that a small specialised library dealing with matters of international importance has been dispatched, and that henceforth, a fortnightly summary of current international events will be sent to the Club. Then materials will be placed in a particular section of the library and members of the Club will be given preference in using them.

Three subjects were chosen for discussion this year. The London Naval Conference, the Imperial Conference, and the Treaty of Versailles. Next year, subjects will be chosen from those suggested by the members of the Club, and the experience gained this year by the committee will be applied to make the discussions systematic. However, the discussions will in no sense be a debate, and proceedings will be kept as informal as possible. It is hoped that those who have an interest in international affairs will attend the discussions held under more favourable conditions next year, and make them as valuable as they promise to be.

ENGINEERING UNDERGRADUATES' SOCIETY.

Although we are still a rather new society and our activities are confined rather more to the Engineering Students than the 'Varsity as a whole, we at least made our presence felt by the Engineers'



King's College

(Within the University of Queensland)

Master :

The REV. H. H. TRIGGE, M.A. (Melb.), B.D. (Melb.)

Bursar :

WALTER WEBB, Esq, The National Bank

Tutors :

W. M. DOUGLAS, M.A.

H. CANNON, M.A.

S. B. WATKINS, M.Sc.

I. McC. STEWART

D. N. GREDDEN

L. G. DOBBIE

J. G. B. GIBSON, B.Sc.

H. V. BYTH, B.A.

A. K. THOMSON, B.A.

The College is attractively situated on River Terrace, Kangaroo Point, overlooking the River, and opposite to the University. The College is open to Students of all Denominations. Tutorial Assistance by Competent Lecturers is given in the Chief Subjects of the Arts, Science, and Engineering Courses of the University. For Information as to Fees, Tuition, etc., apply to THE MASTER

Phone J 2853

At Home held towards the end of last term. This, we consider, was one of the best functions of the year.

In the Steele Cup competition we are doing fairly well so far. Although Science were lucky to beat us at hockey, we evened up by winning the boat race at the Boat Club regatta.

Unfortunately we have not been able to obtain any lecturers this term, which would be of interest to Engineers only; and we do not wish to clash in any way with societies with more general aims in this direction. However, since now we are feeling more firmly established we ought to be more successful in this direction in future.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Three mid-day addresses were given in the early part of third term by Rev. S. E. Mackay, Rev. W. A. Hardie, and Col. Petersen, but lectures have now been terminated for the year.

We were sorry to say farewell to Canon Robin last term. On the occasion a presentation was made him of a writing case as a mark of the esteem in which he was held, and in recognition of the valuable work he had done for the C.U.

During the August vacation Miss B. Robertson and Mr. R. Fardon attended the meetings of the General Committee of the A.S.C.M. in Melbourne, when the whole year's work was reviewed and plans for the future discussed. The Annual Summer Conference of the Movement is to be held at Wendouree, near Ballarat, in Victoria. This is the largest event in the life of the A.S.C.M., and its importance cannot be over stressed. Students from all parts of Australia gather to share their ideas on a great variety of subjects, and the leaders of the conference are among the outstanding professors, lecturers and principals from the Australian Universities and Colleges. Ample time is

allowed for recreation and the best of good fellowship. The cost, including fare from Brisbane, accommodation, and registration is £7/16/11. The conference is open to all members of the University and not merely to members of the Christian Union.

EVANGELICAL UNION

Since last issue of "Galmahra" a branch of the Inter-'Varsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions has been formed within the University of Queensland, and the membership roll and increasing activities bear witness to the fact that it is already a lively concern. Dr. Howard Guinness who visited us during last term was the real instrument in laying the foundation of the work. Prayer meetings are now held daily, study circles weekly, and public addresses fortnightly; and in addition to these activities prayer circles have been commenced within two of the University Colleges, while also the Teachers' Training College has launched a definite branch of the Union. The movement has also found its way into several of the more important secondary schools in the form of Crusader Unions, and on the whole the venture has proved a phenomenal success. The increasing membership roll among the University students and the growing enthusiasm augur well for a big forward push next year.

Through the pages of this magazine the committee would like to emphasise the aims of the Union as set down on the membership card: (1) To witness for Jesus Christ as Saviour and to seek to win others for Him. (2) To promote personal and daily study of God's Word. (3) To cultivate the practice of private and daily prayer.

Also let us make clear that a cordial welcome is extended to all University students who desire to attend any of the meetings.



University Sport

SPORTS UNION.

The past year has been an exceedingly successful one for the Sports Union in as much as all its constituent clubs have collected high honours.

The greatest success of the year is that of the newly-formed Rugby Union Football Club, which won the A grade premiership in Brisbane, and was exceedingly unfortunate to be able only to draw in the inter-'Varsity competition; of this team, with the International Lawton as its captain, several members represented Queensland in international and interstate games, while some were chosen to play for the Combined Universities' team in Sydney. Two others were chosen as reserves for this match. The results of this club's year in brief are: Games played, 25; won 20; lost 5.

It is not surprising then that with such a high standard of play shown as many as twelve Blues and two Half-Blues were awarded to members of this club for 1930.

The Blues are: T. Lawton, J. Clark, F. Mines, F. Whyatt, R. J. H. Risson, J. Channer, J. B. McAdam, F. Vincent, R. Hamilton, W. Nixon-Smith, J. McGrath, G. Pro-Copis. The Half-Blues are: S. Foote and D. Edwards.

The Tennis Club has also had its share of honours this year; three teams were entered in the Q.L.T.A., and of these the second team secured the premiership, while the first went as far as the semi-finals, and the third team also did well. In the inter-'Varsity contest, the representative team was defeated but not disgraced by Sydney University; Mr. J. McGrath in particular played a fine game. He was undefeated and has been awarded a Full-Blue, with a Half-Blue to K. Hooper.

Our misfortune in inter-'Varsity contests was again evident with the hockey team; this team went away to Adelaide, and there, after drawing with Sydney, though technically defeating them, was in turn defeated by Melbourne, 7-5, who themselves lost to Sydney, 4-0.

However, the team played creditably in every game in Adelaide, defeating Adelaide 6-4 in addition to the above

games. Messrs. Fardon and Chater were chosen to represent the Combined Universities' team against South Australia, which game the 'Varsities won 6-1, while Mr. Mackay was reserve back. In the metropolitan competition the team secured third place; Mr. Fardon captained a Brisbane team against Warwick; Messrs. Mahoney and Priestley also played in this match.

Blues awarded to the Hockey Club this year are: Messrs. R. Fardon, A. B. Chater, D. K. Mackay, I. L. B. Henderson, F. G. Vidgen; Half-Blues are awarded to D. B. Vallance, T. Priestley, B. P. Mahoney.

The Athletic Club this year sent away a team to compete in the inter-'Varsity contest held in Sydney; Mr. Harrison ran an excellent 880 yards, in which he was just defeated; he has been awarded a Full Blue for the year.

The activities of the Cricket Club for the past season have been told before, but the Blues for the past year have just been awarded, with the rest of the Blues for the year—they are Messrs. Yeates and Biggs. Half-Blues have been awarded to Messrs. R. W. Allan, Wyeth, and E. L. Johnston.

There have been no changes in the Sports Union Constitution since last year, and the Council has had a very easy year in managing its affairs.

The annual general meeting is to be held on October 17th, when the officers for 1931 will be elected and the Annual Report and Financial Statement will be read.

WOMEN'S SPORTS UNION.

The Union has had an active year as far as its sporting phase is concerned, and concluded its activities at the annual general meeting on October 6th.

The Tennis Club sent a representative team to Hobart to participate in inter-'Varsity contests, and the Hockey Club was represented likewise at Adelaide.

It shows credit that these constituent bodies, with the help of the Sports Union, could raise funds sufficiently large to allow these teams to go so far

afield, and the committee feels that although neither teams made a very brilliant showing, both have gained by the experience of playing against strange and better players.

The Tennis Club was also represented in the home fixtures by three teams, the second of which succeeded in annexing the premiership of the grade.

The Hockey Club fielded two teams throughout the year, and congratulations are due to the first team, which won the premiership.

CRICKET CLUB.

The Cricket Club, this year, has begun the season with great success, both "A" and "B" teams winning their first match against Eastern Suburbs. The "A" team had a particularly good win.

Despite the increased cost of material this year, the club has so far managed to keep above water financially. Exhibition No. 2 has been obtained as a home ground for the season.

Practices are held regularly on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. So far the attendance has been good. It is to be hoped that members who have not been picked in the first few matches will not lose their enthusiasm, as there are generally plenty of opportunities available during the Long Vacation.

Mr. J. Farquhar has again been obtained as a coach. This year, the good effects of his coaching should be apparent.

U.Q.R.U.F.C.

Since last we wrote notes for "Galmahra" the Football Club has continued successful, the A team winning all the matches it has engaged in. We were leaders in the Q.R.U. competition at the end of the fixtures, and, in the final against the runners-up on September 13th, won the premiership by 12 points to 3. This year's achievement of 19 victories in 22 matches in the metropolitan competitions is probably easily the best in the club's history.

Additional representative honours were also gained by members. Messrs. Lawton, Brown, Clark, and Whyatt played for

Queensland against New South Wales, and against Great Britain. Mr. Lawton captained both Queensland and Australia.

In view of the team's record and individual players' abilities, the Sports Union has awarded Blues to Messrs. Lawton, Clark, Mines, Whyatt, Channer, Risson, McAdam, Hamilton, Nixon-Smith, Vincent, McGrath, and Pro-Cop's, and Half-Blues to Messrs. Foote and Edwards.

The "B" grade team did not succeed in getting into the finals, but it is a matter for satisfaction to note that it had a more successful season than it has had for some years past, and that it was always a force seriously to be reckoned with.

HOCKEY CLUB.

The hockey season came to a conclusion late in August and, considered as a whole, has been fairly satisfactory.

The "A" team ended up near the middle of the club competition, and was never defeated without a stern tussle. Unfortunately, the graduates' team had to be withdrawn during the second vac., but it provided good "A" grade experience for its undergraduate members. The "B" team suffered considerably owing to players being taken to fill up the other two teams; nevertheless, it was an improving side and gave a good account of itself towards the close of the season.

The "A" side travelled to Adelaide for the inter-Varsity competition, and was successful in beating Adelaide 5-3 and drawing with Sydney 2 all, but went down to Melbourne 5-7, thus giving the cup to Sydney. The trip was an even greater success socially.

Present indications seem to point to an even stronger side next year.

TENNIS CLUB.

The Club closed the season's sporting activities very satisfactorily by the second team's annexing the Q.L.T.A. A. II premiership, and to them our congratulations are due.

Their performance was really a splendid effort, as they defeated in the final, by two games, the team that, by a margin of one

game, was responsible for the first team's not surviving the semi-finals, and they have shown consistently improved form during the season.

The inter-Faculty final has still to be decided between Science and Engineers; the award of the Steele Cup hangs upon the issue.

The Club's hearty congratulations are extended to Jack McGrath and Ken Hooper, who have been awarded a Full Blue and a Half-Blue respectively.

The financial position of the club is at present distinctly unsound, but it is hoped to retrieve some of the arrears before the end of the year.

BOAT CLUB.

By the time these notes appear in print, the Boat Club will have completed its activities for the year.

The inter-College race was held on July 26th, and was a great success, both from a social and sporting point of view. Five crews entered, one from each College, there being no Extra-Collegiate boat. The race was rowed downstream over the customary course, and under perfect weather conditions. Each college provided a launch, well crowded with supporters. The race was started without trouble, and Leos quickly got the lead, closely followed by Johns, and then Emmanuel. This order was held, until, after shooting the bridge, Emmanuel passed Johns.

Kings were rowing hard, but they fell behind. The race now evolved into a duel between Leos and Emmanuel. Leos kept the lead, in spite of repeated efforts on the part of Emmanuel to pass them.

However, at the three-quarter mile mark, Emmanuel's slightly better condition began to tell, and they crept past Leos, beating them by about a length. Johns came in third.

The Lady Coxswains' Regatta was held on October 1st. The usual programme was followed, except that the Grads v. Undergrads race had to be abandoned owing to lack of time. The Engineering crew won the inter-Faculty race, Science coming in second.

The Lady Coxswains' race was won by Mr. F. Whyatt's crew, with Miss N. Brown as guiding principal.

The Ladies' Pairs were won by Misses N. Barry and G. Reid, Mr. H. H. Hopkins acting as guide, philosopher, and friend.

The usual aquatic amusements, compulsory and otherwise, were indulged in, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all.

This year the Club was able to boat a Maiden Eight. We cannot record any startling success for this crew as far as the actual race was concerned, but the very fact of its existence is a good sign, and also the Maiden Eight of one year generally proves the backbone of the following year's inter-'Varsity eight.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Second vacation saw the A team on its way to Adelaide for the inter-'Varsity Hockey Carnival. The expense of this trip necessitated a great deal of work and organisation, but the dance and bridge-parties held during the year met with a considerable degree of success.

The inter-'Varsity contest was won by Adelaide. Queensland was not so successful as in past years, for we were beaten in all our matches. Miss Spurgin was chosen to play in the Combined 'Varsities' match against South Australia.

Much greater success attended the efforts of the team at home, for University regained the premiership which we lost last year to Taxation. It was a very hard fight, however, and Taxation was defeated by only one point.

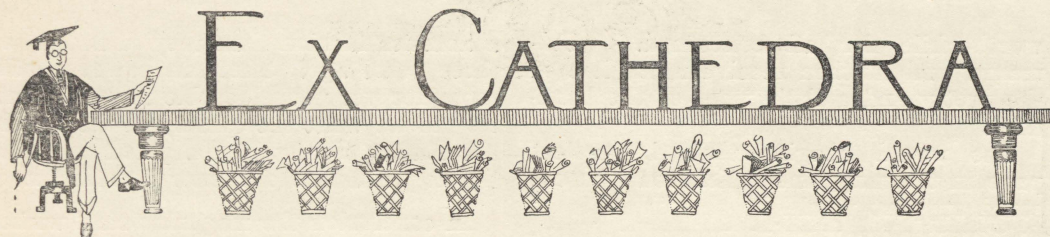
Miss Dent and Miss Spurgin were selected to represent Queensland against a representative New South Wales team, while Misses Dent, Spurgin, May-Wilkie, and Guthrie were included in the Brisbane team for the Country Week Carnival.

There were no Blues awarded for 1930, as the standard of play was not sufficiently high.

WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

At the annual general meeting of the club held on the 26th September, 1930, the election of offices took place. Miss G. Griffin was elected as president, Miss V. Gardiner vice-president, and Miss N. Elphinstone secretary.

The Q.L.T.A. fixtures at Milton have now been completed, and we congratulate the second team on winning the competition.



Third term is no doubt a sorry period so far as contributions are concerned, and we cannot wonder if the work submitted to the October "Galmahra" shows for the most part a falling off both in quality and quantity. Neither can we wonder, in view of the general state of undergrads. and of Australia, if the contributions prove distinctly more serious in tone. A rather happy balance was struck last August between the light and the serious, but we are chary of saying the same for this issue.

Students are reminded that there are quite a number of avenues of approach to "Galmahra," besides the usual type of article or essay dealing with matters of general interest. The latter, of course, is very acceptable, but there are also such delightful types of literary effort as the short story, the playlet, the character sketch, the parody (in prose or verse), to mention but a few, and it is such types that raise the literary tone of the magazine from the dryly academic to the delightful from a general point of view. We saw very few of these this year, but surely in this sparkling community of ours there is more than one person with talent for such things.

It was pleasing to note that some notice had been taken of the requests printed last August in this column concerning the arrangement of manuscripts. Nevertheless there are still a number of contributors who seem to be ignorant on the subject, and for their benefit and for that of the new "Galmahra" staff the requests are repeated hereunder:—

(1) To number, mark with the article's name, and pin together all the pages of an MS.

(2) To type the articles if possible; but when impossible, to print in the MS. all names of persons where they occur,

as well as the more uncommon technical terms used in sciences.

(3) To give the approximate number of words in the article.

(4) Most important of all, to send in material well before the time given as the latest date by the Editor in his notice at the beginning of each term. The date of the next publication rests with the new "Galmahra" staff, but, no doubt, an endeavour will be made to have the magazine published by Commem. Day, so that contributions should be in the Editor's hands at least three weeks before that date.

Throughout 1930 there have been numerous indications of haste in the work submitted to "Galmahra," but this term the composition of several of the articles was particularly slipshod. Indeed it is not too much to say that some of the prose handed in would have damned its creators in so elementary an examination as the Junior Public. Contributors should take far more care in their modes of expression than they apparently do. If we cannot aspire to the prose of an Addison, at least we can try to write clearly and grammatically. If the style is the man, then hypocrisy in some cases becomes justified.

A satisfactory quantity of verse was submitted of a very unsatisfactory quality. Some of our better-known contributors—good friends of "Galmahra"—are showing distinct tendencies towards the downward path, and are recommended in all kindness to pause and consider. The University is not without talent in its versifiers, but the latter are showing unfortunate Spasmodic inclinations which are not conducive to the very best verse. Some thought expended on the art of verse technique would be far from amiss, and would make the composition and the study of the verses more

worth-while for all concerned. "Galmahra" might then receive much less of the pretty and a little more of the beautiful.

One would imagine that the easiest page in the magazine which contributors could support would be the "Vanities." It nevertheless remains painfully disappointing. This may have its reason in the fact that contributors are a little vague as to what a Vanity should be. For the "Vanities" Page we expect light verse generally on some topical subject, essentially humorous in tone and preferably epigrammatic in construction. Vanities are not as a rule judged harshly, except those that go out of the way to appear more vulgar than risqué.

In fairness we can only say that students are supporting the magazine in

a heartier fashion than they did two or three years ago. There is, however, still room for very considerable improvement. No matter what the quality of the article the Editor is always delighted to make the acquaintance of a new contributor.

In conclusion the magazine staff wishes to thank all those who have assisted in any way in the production of "Galmahra" throughout 1930.

EXCHANGES.

Honi Soit; Melbourne University Magazine; The Pelican; Adelaide University Magazine; Magazine of the University College, London; The A.M.S.S. Review; 'Strooth; The Australian Intercollegian.



UNREST.

Weary am I, but not from long travail,
Soul-weary of the ceaseless, sequent days,—
Interminable nothings which avail
Me less than nothing. Ah! could I erase
The endless cycle of Futility
Which are my thoughts; strike off the weary
chains
Of consciousness that bind my spirit; free
My heart of heavy sorrow that disdains
The radiance of Life with one dull tone
Of Agony: Sorrow as yet unborn
But clamouring deep within me to be known,
A voice from nowhere, meaningless, forlorn.
I sowed the world with thoughts, I would
but reap
Eternal quiet in eternal sleep.

JUNIUS.

